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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS
AND SUMMER DAYS.

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WEARY.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Come, oh, night, thou soft reliever,
Kiss my brow with breath so mild;
Make me—lowly-bowed believer—
Free and careless as a child.

Hid the sun whose golden splendor
Wakens no glad thoughts I sue,
Fold me lovingly and tender
Neath thy wand of ebon hue.

While my weary head I pillow
Neath thy shades with silence blest,
Calm thou every strife-like billow,
Leaving me the boon of rest.

Give me sleep while constellations
Gleam like gems upon thy brow,
What care I for stirring nations?
Give me sleep, I need it now!

Fan my brow with breezes cooling,
Take the burden from my heart;
Noises cease when thou art ruling;
Thou of silence art a part.

Let me slumber; I am weary—
Weary of the toil and cares;
Sick my brain, thoughts confused, dreary;
All a sullen aspect wears.

Let me lie in quiet dreaming
Till the rosy morn awakes,
Then the world all fairer seeming
On unvigored senses breaks.

My eyes in languor I am closing,
Slumber steals o'er me so light;
And I thank thee in repose
Thank and bless thee, gentle night!

Love in a Maze:

OR,
THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-
GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

SAD CHANGES.

OLIVE was driven from the ball quickly, to the hotel where the Westons were staying. Mr. Seaforth took the young lady into the drawing-room; but she would not wait for him to make inquiries.

She ran, breathless, up the stairs. In the corridor she was met by her mother, who clasped her in her arms.

"Papa! papa!" faltered the weeping girl. "Be quiet, my child; we hope he is not hurt much. He was thrown out of the carriage. No, you must not go in just yet; the doctors are with him."

Olive pressed for all the details of the accident. Mr. Weston had been sensible throughout, and no limbs were broken. Only the shock to his system had been very severe.

Presently the door of the suite of rooms occupied by the Westons was opened, and two gentlemen came out. One of them came to the wife.

"My dear madam, you must not be alarmed."

"Doctor Searles, is there not cause for it?"

"Mr. Weston has met with a serious accident; but no bones are broken, and we are doing our best. He is helping us by bearing the pain cheerfully; and you must help us by not giving way, and by keeping up his spirits. It will not do for him to see you suffer on his account."

The other physician stepped up. "I will send the nurse immediately," he said, and bowing to the ladies he went downstairs.

"A nurse!" repeated Olive, lifting up her head, and wiping away the tears. "Cannot I nurse papa? Oh, mamma, let me; I am strong and well."

She looked radiant as she stood there in her ball-room dress, from which the cloak had fallen, her face glowing with painful excitement. The doctor did homage involuntarily to her beauty. But he would not favor her petition. "I cannot allow it, my dear young lady," he replied. "You may be strong, but you feel too much. You may take care of your mother; and I assure you, she needs looking after."

"And I may not see papa?" wailed Olive, with a fresh burst of tears.

"You may for a moment; I will take you in; but I warn you that excitement is the very worst thing for a patient whose nerves are in such a state."

Both Olive and her mother followed him into the room, Mr. Seaforth having bid them good-night.

The doctor made a gesture enjoining silence as they went toward the bed. The daughter knelt down, drawing her father's head to her, and kissing it again and again. Mrs. Weston sat in the easy-chair, where she could look into her husband's face.

"My dear child!" the sufferer murmured. Olive threw one arm around his neck, and kissed the dear face. But she could not repress her sobs.

"This will not do!" interposed the physician. "My good sir, I have indulged these ladies with permission to see you, but you are too weak to bear any conversation; and I cannot permit them to remain. You will be able soon, I trust, to say everything you wish to them, and they to you. Now, you must excuse me."

He took Olive's arm, lifted her up and led both her and her mother to the door. "You will not leave him!" faltered Mrs. Weston.

"I will stay till Dr. Clark sends the nurse. He can be relied on implicitly. Now let me recommend you, madam, to retire. I do not want two patients on my hands at once."



He saw a slender girl, standing on a platform ledge, under the brow of a crag.

Smiling, but imperative, he sent them off to their own rooms; then returned to those of the hurt man.

The next day, and the next, it was nearly the same. Mr. Weston, sanguine in hope and cheerful in spirits, could not understand why he did not get better much more rapidly. His physician knew, but did not state the reason; he had received a severe internal injury; and it was yet doubtful if nature and a good constitution would triumph over it.

But the doctor's language was encouraging, as it was necessary to keep the patient in a hopeful mood; and the anxious family, who hung on his words as upon those of an oracle, were surely not to know there was any ground for despondency. So the mother and daughter seemed cheerful when they paid their stated visits to the sick room, and counted the hours when they might take the place of the nurse, and minister with their own loving hands to the one they loved best on earth.

Ruhama came early the morning after the accident, and spent hours with her friend. Mr. Seaforth called twice every day.

Ruhama soon passed from the doleful topics of illness and sorrow to gossip about her ball and her beaux, as she and Olive sat in the parlor alcove together. While there, Tom Wyatt's card was brought up; but the ladies could not see him.

The card brought back the subject of Tom's strange behavior at the ball, and his lightness of spirits after the rejection of his suit.

"Oh, you did not know, then!" exclaimed Olive. "I forgot all about it, of course, with papa's illness, and all our distress on his account."

"I did not know what, Olive? Did you recall your refusal, then? Was that the reason Tom was so merry?"

"Dear Ruhama, how absurd! No—Tom never proposed to me; never cared for me at all."

"And he denied it, after his written declaration?"

"That was not from Mr. Wyatt," said Olive, drooping her head.

"Not from—Olive, you do not know what you are talking about."

"Oh, yes; he explained it all while we were in the conservatory. A gentleman came into his office and asked for paper; wrote—the letter, and sent Mr. Wyatt's boy with it. I supposed it came from Tom, as his messenger brought it."

"Supposed it came from Tom? Was it not his own writing, signed with his own name?"

"No; the letter had no signature."

"Olive, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say; there was no name attached to the letter."

"And Tom lent himself to such a cruel joke. To send you an anonymous declaration of love?"

"Don't judge him too severely, Ruhama. Mr. Wyatt did not know till I told him, that the letter was unsigned. He was angry enough about it, and said he should seek an explanation."

"The letter was written in Tom's office, and sent by his messenger. Then of course he must know who wrote it."

"He said—he did."

"Who was it?"

Olive hesitated, and her color went and came. She had an insuperable repugnance to having the matter commented on by her lively friend. Ruhama was quick and imprudent of speech; no, she could not tell her, lest she should betray herself.

Ruhama repeated the question.

"I—he gave the name of his friend—but—Ruhama, you must excuse me; I cannot tell you. It would not be delicate in me to talk of the matter—to discuss it at present."

"You have a secret, and will keep it from me?"

"Pardon me, Ruhama; this is not my own secret."

"Not your own? whose, then, I should like to know? The man who wrote the letter sent it without his name, and by the messenger of his friend, leading him into a scrape thereby—that man must be either a blundering dolt or a cowardly trifle! And you shield him from blame! Olive, I am ashamed of you!"

The girl hung her head; then lifted it in a sort of desperation.

"I do not believe he is either the one or the other. There was a mistake; but it would not be seemly for me to go about trying to clear it up. That is for him to do."

"Could he have meant it for a pitiful joke?"

"I am sure he did not."

"Then I return to my first alternative. No man in his senses could so treat a lady, without deserving a thrashing. If you had a brother, Olive, he should do it. I could find it in my heart to do it myself. You need not tell me who it was; I am sure it was Claude Hamilton. No one else could have been such a fool."

Olive put out her hand to check her too impulsive friend; and at the same moment the door opened.

It was the servant with two cards on a tray.

One was that of Emily Blount; the other her brother Wyndham's.

"I think, dear Olive, you might see Emily," said her mother. "Not Wyndham; we have seen scarcely any of our friends. My compliments and thanks to the gentleman, and say, we hope Mr. Weston is improving. Show the lady up."

The man departed, and in a few minutes Emily Blount came in. She was a graceful, beautiful blonde, with rich auburn hair and violet eyes. She and Olive had been intimate before their school days; in fact, they had almost grown up together. She was less impetuous than Ruhama; and altogether more suited to Olive's disposition and character.

She came full of sympathy and offers of service; not valued the less because the offers could not be accepted. But when Mr. Weston was well enough to be removed to his country home, Olive said Emily should go with them, and share their labors and consolations.

Mrs. Weston retired, leaving the three girls in animated conversation.

The subject was music, in which Ruhama professed to be an enthusiast. She was always reproaching Miss Blount with despising that sweetest of the embellishments of life.

"I do not despise the ornamental," returned Emily. "I honor musicians, too, in their vocation," and she stopped to take a flower from a vase that stood on the table. "But girls are susceptible, my dear; and I do not like to see precious hearts surrendered to the first foreign artist who can play an opera air."

"And why," said Ruhama, "with my intense love of music, if I choose, should I not marry one of that profession?"

"Because artists are almost always poor, and poverty would suit you no better than myself."

"Not always; genius is a mine of wealth. For example—Liszt—"

"A poor illustration! He squandered as

fast as he made; gave his jewels in charity, and got a fortune at last by marriage."

"He did not value riches."

"The greater folly in him."

"You are calculating, Emily."

"Not more so than is simply prudent; and I maintain that the arts in this country, more especially, are but a frail dependence. Among the great masters, how many, like Bach and Beethoven, have died deserted and in poverty? How many, like Tartini and Mara, have wasted their gifts! With those of inferior powers the chance of happiness is still more doubtful."

"You surely do not think wealth absolutely necessary to happiness?"

"No; but with young ladies brought up like you and I, Ruhama, a certain portion of the substantial as well as the ornamental, is absolutely indispensable. That portion is more than the arts in this country; at least, can always furnish. Besides, though music is called 'the food of love,' and may calm and soothe the passions at times, I cannot see that its cultivation, as the chief pursuit of life, has any of that allaying quality. Moderate your enthusiasm, my friend, and give up your visions of living on the renown of the chosen of your heart, if he be an artist. Otherwise, I give you leave to love music as devotedly as you choose."

"Ah, Emily!" sighed Ruhama, "I fear my cousin, Herbert St. Clare, has as little chance as ever of subduing your wayward heart! He had such a profound love of music! Heigh-ho! It is well he has left the country!"

Miss Blount did not reply; nor did her friend notice that her cheek suddenly grew pale.

There was indeed a pang at her heart, as she thought of the time when, seven years before, Herbert St. Clare had given her the love of an ardent and trusting heart, and received her assurance of affection in return.

He was then so full of the enthusiasm of buoyant youth—rich, burning, overflowing—and it found vent in his absorbing passion for music. His very soul was wrapped up in the art to which he had determined to devote his future life. And to Emily Blount's cultivated mind and graceful taste he looked for the influence that should chasten and model his own exuberance of imagination. With a narrow income, but boundless hopes, he had resolved to visit Europe for the purpose of educating his musical talents; he wished his beloved Emily to become his bride at once and the companion of his travels.

But Emily, though she loved Herbert, refused to share with him the uncertainties of such a fortune. Without an overweening desire for wealth, she took a matter-of-fact view of things, and was convinced that her lover could neither be fortunate nor happy in the exclusive indulgence of his favorite tastes. In her eagerness to show him the superior advantages of a more lucrative business, she perhaps underrated, somewhat contemptuously, those of the profession he was anxious to embrace. The lovers parted in mutual dissatisfaction.

It was not long, however, before Herbert perceived the common sense of her views; and though in his heart he accused her of coldness he felt himself constrained to sacrifice his idol. He went abroad as the agent of a mercantile house.

Emily's father had required that the engagement between them should not continue during a separation that might last many years. It was understood, however, by each, that their union would take place on Herbert's return, if both remained of the same mind.

The implied bond had been held sacred on the lady's part. Her beauty and rare qualities had attracted suitors of wealth and distinction; but she listened to none. She was in her twenty-fourth year, and had heard nothing of Herbert for years, except from distant acquaintances that he appeared devoted to his business pursuits.

Emily now looked on life with different eyes in spite of her theory; and though prudent in her counsels and cold in her demeanor, had learned to value affection beyond all the possessions of earth.

Deeply, in her heart of hearts, did she regret her refusal of St. Clare. Had she not given him a right to think her cold and sordid? Was she not justly punished by losing his love forever? These painful musings were stirring in her breast, even while the preceding discussion was going forward, in which she exhibited the hard part of her nature.

Olive listened, but took no part in the conversation. A deep gloom overspread her face; she leaned listlessly over the arm of the sofa, abstracted in painful thoughts.

Ruhama rose to take leave, and, in her rattling way, again rallied her friend upon her sadness, and told the story of the misunderstanding between her and young Hamilton.

"He has sailed for Europe," Emily remarked. "Wyndham went with him to the ship."

"Well, he deserved his ill-fortune," snapped Miss Seaforth. "To send a proposal without a signature, involving all sorts of blunders, and then go away in a huff, because people are misled by his stupidity!"

"Ruhama!" exclaimed Olive, in earnest entreaty.

"There—don't look so distressed, my dear! We are all friends, you know!"

And while the volatile girl kissed the pale cheek and ran out of the room, Emily Blount took a seat by her, and passed her arm round Olive's waist.

Some moments of silence passed, in which Olive wept quietly.

"Why was not this misunderstanding cleared up?" asked Miss Blount, in a low tone. "Surely Mr. Wyatt was bound to set matters right."

"He said he would do so at once."

"Oh, I know now! Mr. Hamilton was absent from the city. He left home the very morning after the ball; and only returned just before he sailed. They missed each other."

"Emily," implored Olive, "do not speak further of this!"

"I am only anxious, my love, that your happiness, and his, should not be thrown away for a trivial misapprehension."

"He must know the truth; he may have changed his mind! For the world, I would not have him called back to me!"

"Olive, beware of tampering with the flower of the heart! Be warned by my sad experience!"

"Yours?"

"Did I not despoil Herbert of his glorious gifts, so rich in power to confer happiness? Did I not fetter him with my limited notions of utility?"

"But you said, truly, the arts were a poor dependence, for those seeking the means of subsistence."

"So they are; and in strict prudence, my ideas are all correct. But, oh, what a margin there is to love, and I never allowed it! What a fairy world stretches beyond, full of prizes the angels might strive for! Be prudent, guarded, and careful as you will; but remember, love outweighs the world!"

"What can I do?" faltered the trembling girl.

"Write to Claude, if you know his address, and tell him of the mistake."

"I do not know his address, and if I did, I would not write! How could I explain my conduct, that evening—so nearly verging on flirtation?"

"Confess the truth to him."

"Confess what?"

"That you were piqued by remarks you had heard; that you supposed he avoided you for the same reason; that the blundering of his letter had led to a mistake on your part."

"Oh, Emily! and what would he infer?"

"He might infer what it would please him beyond all things to discover."

"And you would have me thus humiliate myself?"

"What humiliation would there be, if you cared for his esteem and affection, in letting him know it?"

"Never! I will never do it! You cannot wish me to do such a thing!"

"I wish you to be happy, Olive."

"Had he really loved me, he would have made sure of his letter having been received. He might have known common courtesy would not permit me to leave it unanswered. He would have given me an opportunity of explanation."

"He is diffident to a fault, you know; and self-distrust may have prevented him."

"And am I to pursue him half over the globe, and make good the shortcomings of his self-distrust?"

"He has been precipitate in throwing away his chance of happiness!"

"How do I know that? He may have sent the proposal under an impulse he regretted afterward."

"I do not believe that."

"Is it for me to hold him to his offer, and follow him up? Emily, I cannot degrade myself. He may find out the consequences of his blunder."

"I hope, indeed, he may."

"If he does not, I shall take no steps to reclaim him."
 "You may be right, Olive, to be swayed by pride in this matter; but—"
 "Not pride; only maidenly delicacy."
 "But I would sacrifice something to put an end to misunderstanding."

"Let us talk no more of it, dear Emily. I am unhappy enough about dear papa."

Her tears burst forth afresh, and her friend strove to soothe her.

Claude Hamilton had indeed sailed for the Old World without giving poor Tom Wyatt a chance to elucidate matters. And he left no address; so that the letter Tom sent to him was never received.

Devotedly as he loved Miss Weston, the idea that she had received his proposal with contempt was fixed in his mind. The memory of her face as he had last seen it, glowing and beaming with pleasure at the frivolous compliments offered by a male butterfly, haunted him. Should he break his heart for one who had shown herself so regardless of his feelings? No; that he would not.

Among the gay young men of Paris, not one was gayer than Claude Hamilton, while he bore a wound in his bosom which time was almost powerless to heal.

Thus by a small piece of blundering and the failure of efforts to set matters right, the happiness of two loving hearts was wrecked.

How much further misunderstanding, bitterness and heart-burning were to be gone through before the mistake was discovered!

A farthing rushlight, at the right moment, would have opened the full stream of sunshine, warmth and love.

While Hamilton sought relief in foreign adventure, trying to efface the image of the girl he loved from his heart, she bore her suffering added to the weight of the deepest misfortune that can afflict one cherished as she had been. Neither knew or suspected the anguish endured by the other.

Months passed of harassing doubt and anxiety; months of gloom, scarcely relieved by a ray of hope. The Weston family returned to their home with the invalid, but he never recovered his health.

No need to linger on that mournful time. The wife and daughter were left alone in the world, and the declining health of Mrs. Weston rendered her entirely dependent upon Olive's care.

Very little property was left. The able lawyer had lived up to his income, hoping for many years of usefulness, in which he might make provision for the dear ones he loved so well. He had no debts, but many due to him could not be collected.

Olive bravely faced the difficulties. When the villa was rented, and the furniture disposed of, she found herself able to take a retired little cottage in Harlem, and to furnish it very plainly.

She had one pretty room for her mother. This had many articles from their old home, and was luxurious as Mrs. Weston's had been before her change of fortune. The invalid found no difference in the accommodations required by her daily wants. Her daughter's own hands prepared the delicacies she would not spare from her mother's table.

Olive went in search of music pupils, and turned to account her delicate taste for painting, in all the work she could get from publishers and photographers. One holiday folio of flowers, which she had to color, gave her pleasant employment for months, and proved a lucrative occupation.

It was a gorgeous thing—that book of natural flowers, grouped so exquisitely, and painted with such truth to nature! But such works are not to be found often; the public does not encourage them.

The girl was sitting beside her mother one afternoon in early autumn.

She had been disappointed in her hope of obtaining some new scholars, and had come home weary and sad. But she spoke always cheerfully to the invalid.

A carriage stopped before the little gate, and two ladies alighted. They were Ruhama and Miss Blount.

"I am so glad to have found you at home darling!" cried Emily. "I have something strange, oh, how strange, to tell you!"

CHAPTER V. A RUFFIAN'S PLAN.

RASHLEIGH was not at home when the travelers drew up before the door, and his wife rejoiced at it, for it enabled her to make her sister comfortable in her spare room, and give instructions to the colored woman to do everything she required.

She made Albertine lie down after taking a cup of tea; darkened the windows, and gave the child something to play with in the kitchen.

The negress willingly took charge of the little one; and Elodie was delighted with the new things she saw. Her aunt then walked toward the village, to meet the storm she knew would break on her head, when the churlish master became aware of what she had done in her desperation.

She met him sauntering from the tavern, his pipe in his mouth in full blast. He paid no heed to her "good morning," nor to her excuse for her stay over night in the city. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing; and she trusted, she said, it would never happen again.

"And, now, I have something strange to tell you, Bennet," she added; "I have found Albertine at last!"

"Who?"

"Albertine, my sister. You know we have not seen her in five years."

"The ne'er-do-well hussy! I hope she has suffered for the caper she cut!" was the encouraging response.

"Oh, Bennet! pray don't bear malice against her!"

"She rid my house of a pest, when she ran away with a villain! I don't want to hear any more of her."

"The man who married her was not a villain."

"Married her! Do you expect me to believe in any such bosh as that?"

"Albertine was married; I have now the proofs!"

"What of it, if she was! It's nothing to me. Was it that kept you out all night, and no supper fit to eat for me?"

A sudden thought struck Letty—a light to direct her course! She would appeal to the cupid of the man she knew had no mercy in him.

Her husband—Albertine's—was good to her as long as he lived. And he came into a fortune before he died!

"Eh! What's that?"

"Mr. Sterne left money to his wife, to Albertine, and she ought now to be well off. But the agent, who pretended to be a trustee, tried to swindle her."

"Will you talk sense!" exclaimed the brute, removing his pipe, and gazing at his wife with

some appearance of interest. "Tell a straight story if you can."

Letty went over the whole matter, as briefly and as clearly as she could. "I thought," she added, deprecatingly, "you might find out where her money is invested, as you understand business!"

"Humph! The fellow she calls her agent has run away with the funds, I suppose!"

"That could not be; for he could only draw any amount by having Albertine's order."

"Has she got any one to see to her affairs?"

"Oh, no! She has been very ill; she is too weak to go to any one! But she would pay you well, Bennet, if you would attend to it for her; she would give any commission you choose."

"Humph! Where is she?"

"Will you see her?"

"Perhaps; if the job is worth it. She ought to have some one to take care of her money, if she has it."

"Oh, thanks!"

"But I must talk to her about it."

Now came the hardest part of poor Letty's task.

"I hope you will forgive me, Bennet; but—I wanted you to see her; and—and she was ill and hardly able to sit up; and so—I brought her with me."

"Where? What do you mean? Can't you speak, woman?"

"I have brought her home; she is in the house."

"In my house?" with a burst of profanity.

"There was nowhere else I could take her. Oh, Bennet! she is my sister."

"Curse your sister!" exclaimed her husband, with a burst of ferocious execrations.

"She shan't stay in my house! I'll see if I'm to be put upon by every beggar you happen to meet!"

"Oh, Bennet, she is no beggar! She will pay you well! And she may not live long!"

"Begone, woman; stand out of my way!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home! I'll see who's master in my own house!"

The poor woman wrung her hands helplessly as her husband strode on to the house.

For a moment her spirit rose against this cruel injustice, and she resolved that if Albertine were driven out to perish, she would go with her, and would never return to the dwelling of her tyrant. But the habit of abject submission resumed its sway, and then she could only think how his wrath could be averted. There was but one point vulnerable in his nature—his love of money.

That had done its work before Rashleigh reached home. He demanded to see Albertine; and his wife found them in quiet conversation when she returned. She felt greatly relieved; and went into the kitchen hoping for the best.

Rashleigh happened to be perfectly sober, and soon mastered all the difficulties of the case. The next day he went to New York, and by diligent inquiries soon found where the money—some twenty-five thousand dollars—was deposited. It was invested in ample securities. None of it could be drawn without the order of Albertine Sterne.

The man returned home, and consented to the stay of his sister-in-law and her child, on condition of the payment of a high board, and such sums as he thought proper to demand from time to time under the pretext of "extras." These covered medicines, delicacies in food, sending for a city doctor occasionally, etc.

For Albertine did not mend. It was not long before the symptoms of the malady, that had taken off her mother—consumption—were developed.

Letty was the most devoted nurse in the world; and the invalid had every comfort.

The sisters sat for hours every evening, hand in hand, and talked of the future of the little girl, so soon to be left to the sole care of her aunt. Albertine had no fears for her under such guardianship. She empowered Letty to draw for her needs whenever money was required, and, in an informal way, made her the trustee and guardian of her child.

The little one grew apace, and gave promise of robust health, invigorated by the sea air.

It was in the spring after the widowed mother had come to sojourn by the coast, that her faithful sister watched the ebbing of the tide of life. With Albertine's last breath, she commended her child to Letty's care.

"He does not believe I ever married," she whispered, referring to her brother-in-law.

"Keep the papers safe, and do not let him know where they are. He might destroy them, and then wrong my Elodie."

The sister promised to protect the girl's rights.

"The church register will show it," faltered the dying, "if you should be robbed. That and my darling's birth. The will Charley made said I was to have everything, and my child comes after me; it is all hers. You will see that she has it, Letty. Give the papers to some lawyer you can trust. God bless you both, my sister, and my little daughter!"

"They were almost her last words!"

When the funeral was over, Rashleigh demanded access to the effects and papers of the deceased.

Letty secreted those of importance, and the letters which he discovered were of little consequence.

He was confirmed in his opinion that the story of a marriage was a fable. Was it likely a man who had expectations of a fortune would marry the girl he had induced to run away with him? The child could inherit nothing; the sister—his wife—was the real heir to all that Albertine had possessed.

So he told Letty, with maudlin congratulations, in his tipsy hours, on her access of fortune. His wife dared not dispute the matter; and suffered it to pass. She could give the child all she needed—drawing the installments of interest by her own order; and she would purchase peace by silence as long as possible.

She held some degree of power in her hands so long as her signature alone sufficed at the banker's.

So time passed on. Elodie was sent to the country school, and for two years to a boarding-school in the city. Books were provided, which she devoured at home. Her life was made as pleasant as it could be made; and with her love of nature, and her buoyant spirits, the girl was as happy as a bird.

She never had a sorrow till her aunt became an invalid. Then her tenderness and affection were brought out. Her little hands were active in household tasks, and no nurse was more assiduous in the care of the sick. She read and sung to the sufferer; she prepared dainties to tempt her to eat; she gath' red wild flowers and fragrant bouquets, and decorated the rooms to please her. She would wander for hours gathering seaweed to arrange in moss pictures and put them on the walls. She refused to be sent to school again while her beloved aunt was ill; and the sunshine she made in the house was the invalid's greatest comfort.

There seemed a mutual repulsion between the girl and her uncle. He had always dis-

liked the child. He wished her out of his way; and had from the first meditated the confiscation of her property—or that called hers—to his own use.

To provide for the fulfillment of his wishes, he had compelled his sick wife to sign a conveyance to himself of all she possessed. This, he was certain, would cover all her late younger sister had left; to which she was the undoubted heir, for Albertine had left no will, and he insisted that the child should be allowed to inherit nothing from her father.

CHAPTER VI.

ELODIE AND HER GUARDIAN.

MRS. RASHLEIGH lay very ill. A low fever had wasted her strength for months, and now had prostrated her so that she could not leave her bed.

Rashleigh bore the privation of his comforts with surly impatience; and vented his anger often on his suffering wife, when his servants would not bear it. Silas, the man, had finally been dismissed in a quarrel.

The man made his way to the little village far from the highest bluff, and sauntered to the low-roofed tavern. There he saw a phaeton turn into the yard, and learned that it belonged to a young gentleman from the city, who had more than once visited the locality on business with his master.

The young man's name was Wyndham Blount. He was taking his dinner in the parlor of the inn.

He recognized Silas, and asked after the family.

A very sad account of it had the discharged servant to give. The mistress ailing; as good as dying, one might say; the master that cross, there was no bearing his tempers, and drunk half his time at that; how could a decent workman abide it? and poor Mrs. Rashleigh to have no doctor in all her sufferings!

"I am going there directly," said the young man.

"You know your master has often consulted me about his investments, and I have come over today on the business. I shall talk to him about a doctor for his wife."

"And indeed, sir, you'll be doing a Christian charity!"

"Is there a medical man in the village?"

"There is, sir, a tolerable one for practice. He is excellent with horses."

"But we don't want a horse-doctor! I had best send one down."

"It's a chance if the master will let him come in."

"I will see to that."

When he had finished his dinner, Wyndham walked to Rashleigh's house.

The master was not at home. He walked in, and inquired for the lady.

The negress looked surprised, but went to take the visitor's name to her mistress. Presently she returned, and asked him to walk into her chamber.

A pale, emaciated woman lay on the bed. She was evidently in the last stage of weakness. She smiled as Wyndham entered, and held out her wan, wasted hand. He was affected almost beyond the power to speak.

"I am very glad to see you," said the invalid. "Pray sit down."

"I cannot tell you, Mrs. Rashleigh, how shocked I am to find you in this condition. You should have the best advice. Let me send Dr. Orme to see you."

"No, no, Mr. Wyndham; he can do nothing for me; nor can any one. My days are numbered."

"You must not be discouraged. I shall insist upon sending a better doctor than you can get in this village."

"It will be of no use. And I do not care to recover. But—but you can do something for me. You can do what will give me peace—oh, such peace!—in dying."

She whispered to the colored woman, who nodded her head, and left the room.

"My dear madam," said the young man, with deep emotion, "you may rely on me for any service in my power."

"Thanks! I will—trust you!" The husky utterance failed.

The sufferer reached her hand for a glass half full of a mixture, that stood on a table by the bed. She sipped a few drops, and they seemed to strengthen her. She fixed her eyes on Wyndham with intense eagerness, and her lips murmured:

"Elodie!"

"Your little girl?"

"Yes; all I have in the world; and most precious. It is the hardest of all to bear—the thought of leaving her unprotected."

"She is not Mr. Rashleigh's child?"

"No, nor mine; I thought you knew that."

"I understood she was your niece."

"She is; the daughter of my dead sister Albertine. There is a sad story; I have partly written it out; I have not strength to tell it; nor time; for he may come back! But one thing I want you to know—"

Her voice faltered again. Wyndham handed her the cordial, which she took with trembling hand. Her anxiety to relieve her mind of his pressure was telling on her slender stock of force. Presently she went on to say:

"Elodie is not poor; she is not a dependent on the bounty of Mr. Rashleigh. She is entitled to a large property, if she could prove her claim."

"Indeed?"

"It is true; and when I am gone, I want some able lawyer, some one who will feel an interest to see justice done, to take up her cause."

"If I can render service—" began Wyndham.

"You can, you can!" eagerly interrupted the dying woman. "I know your legal ability; I should like to place her cause in your hands."

"This homestead and land—does it belong to you, Mrs. Rashleigh?"

"No; this is Rashleigh's, and he has enough besides; more than he will need. Elodie's fortune is in those investments of stock; you know something about them; it is a good property."

"I thought you had assigned all those to your husband."

The invalid raised herself upon her elbow in bed, and the covering fell from her thin shoulders, while her eyes, wild with vivid expression, were fixed on Wyndham's face.

"Could my signature convey to him property that did not belong to me?" she asked.

"Certainly not."

"Then it is safe!" and she fell back, exhausted, on the pillow.

"But, madam—excuse me—when you executed that conveyance, did you know?"

"I did—yes—I did know—that it was all Elodie's!" answered the woman, with a gleam of exultation in her pallid face.

"He forced me to sign the paper! If I had said, the property was not mine, but my child's, he would have laughed me to scorn, and perhaps have done her a harm. So I let him deceive himself. I only told him the paper he compelled me to sign was worth nothing, and I told him truth: it was not!"

"The child's claim, then, was never recognized by her uncle?"

"No; he always called her a child of shame; but that was false! I had the proofs, but I did not know how to use them, and there was no need of a stir while Elodie was so little! But I am going to leave her, and she must be righted. You have promised to see to it, Mr. Wyndham?"

"I will do what I can; but I must have the proofs you speak of in my own hands."

The sick woman touched a small bell on the table.

"Nelly," she said, when the negress entered, "fetch me that yellow box I gave you to take care of. I am glad, sir, you reminded me: I have not an hour I can count upon. You will see that Elodie is the legal heir of her father."

She unlocked the box with a key she wore, suspended by a ribbon round her neck, and took out a bundle of papers, which she gave to Wyndham.

"I shall never be able to finish what I have begun to write," she said, wearily.

"But Elodie can tell you what she remembers, and—here are the proofs: you will find the certificate of her birth and baptism with the rest. She inherits her father's property, and all that was her mother's; the last would have come to me, if Elodie were not living; and for that reason I was afraid to tell Rashleigh again, that the child was not—what he called her."

Wyndham took the papers. They were safe with him, he said. He put them in a pocket in the breast of his coat.

"You may rely, madam, on my care and fidelity in this matter. Elodie's interests are quite safe with me."

"Oh, thanks, sir! you have taken a load of distress from my mind," murmured the invalid.

"But you must permit me to send Dr. Orme?"

The dame shook her head. The colored attendant, who had now come in, said her strength was worn out, and she would do well to sleep.

The young man saw he could render her no better service than leaving her for the present. With a farewell pressure of the hand, he quitted the room.

"Where is your master?" he said to the servant, who had followed him out.

"I think, sir, on de bluff somewhar!"

"And Miss Elodie?"

"She done went out with her basket to gather sea-weed. It's 'mazin' what a fondness de chil' has for sea-weeds and such trash."

"I will look for them. I must speak to Mr. Rashleigh," said Wyndham. "I think he can not know how ill your mistress is."

He went out, and walked along the cliffs.

The throwing headlands were faced with masses of sharp rocks, piled in broken precipices. The wind had risen, and the moaning sea dashed heavily upon the bowlders strewn along the beach. A vessel, staggering under an unusual, and, as it seemed, dangerous quantity of sail, was making for one of the narrow inlets that ran in between the bluffs.

Wyndham watched her course with some interest, as he walked along the brow of the precipice.

Suddenly he caught sight of a muslin scarf fluttering, as it seemed, half-way to the beach, and, as a furious gust tore it away, it was carried and lodged in a leafless tree on the inaccessible face of the rocky wall.

There was a faint cry; and the next moment, to the young man's horror, he saw a slender girl standing on a platform ledge, under the brow of a crag, two-thirds of the way down!

Surely, he thought, she would not be so mad, as to attempt to recover the scarf! No; he heard her laugh; she had abandoned it. Then he shouted to her, warning her not to stir until he came for her.

The girl heard him; she looked up, and answered; but he could not hear what she said. He sought a place where he could descend the rocks.

The gorge on the right led down to the shore; and if he could cross that, his path was easy enough. But the crag, more than a hundred feet above the ledge where the girl stood, projected so that a plummet would have fallen several feet from her.

The wind was freshening. If she would only not attempt to move till he reached her side! else the savage gust would blow her down. He could see her scarf twisted in the dead branches, and blown about like a flag in a storm at sea. The vessel he had watched had rounded the point, and disappeared.

He shouted again, and made signs that he was going down. The young girl seemed to understand him; she pointed to the gorge and then traced a path along the ledge. Then she crouched down close to the rock, and passed her arm through a tough root that hung from a tree above, and was fastened below.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Yellowstone Jack:

OR,
THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS."

CHAPTER XI.

SCOUTING AND FIGHTING.

"I RECKON I'm up a stump, fer once," grunted Brindle Joe, disgustedly, rubbing his head. "A owl couldn't foller a trail now, even arter 'twas found, which this 'e ain't, by a pesky sight!"

"F these gal-critters 'd on'y wore shoes like the hosses—but thar ain't enough on 'em to make a trail on fresh snow. I reckon we're played, boys," commented Yellowstone Jack.

"I've got a idee, mebbe 'tain't wuth much. I don't let on to be much a'count, unless it is on a trail. But I don't reckon thar's anythin' else we kin do, sence the varmints ain't a-goin' to trouble the train fer some hours yit, anyhow! What say, boys?"

"Reckon you'd better let us see this idee, fust; then mebbe we kin tell better," dryly observed Hoosier.

"Was thinkin'—but thar. You heerd what that feller said—him as called hisself the Blood-drinker. You kin tell es well es me whether he was lyin' or no. You kin see, too, that somethin' has gone over the ridge of the kenyon hyar. Mebbe it's only the hoss-critters—mebbe the gal-critters was in the wagon. Thar's on'y one way to settle that—by takin' a look whar the outfit stopped. It's too dark now to look further fer a trail on these rocks. We kin go up the kenyon to a point whar we kin git down it, take a look at what thar is b'low hyar, an' git back in plenty time to take a hand in whatever fun thar'll be goin' on at the train yender."

Half an hour later the scouts stood within the deserted camp, moodily eying the few dying embers. A thorough scout through the valley left no room for doubt. The allied outlaws and Blackfeet had left, apparently for good, and had taken their captives with them, if any they had.

"It's useless looking for a trail or to waste time in trying to read signs on such a night as this. Besides, 'tis growing late, and the fun will open up over yonder before long. We can do no good here—perhaps we can be of use to these emigrants."

"It's poor manners to open a new trail afore the old one's wound up—but I don't see what else we kin do. Besides, they'll be kinder lookin' fer us, an' 'll need all the help they kin git of the lot we see'd all do thar best. I reckon you're right, boss."

Without any more words the scouts retraced their steps, and were soon gliding along through the deep pass, using all possible caution to avoid running into the enemy, at times forced to pause until the moon again hid itself beneath a cloud, lest the keen-eyed savages should glance back and discover them.

Suddenly they found themselves almost in the midst of a lot of mustangs, who snorted and pawed the ground suspiciously. These had been abandoned by the Indians and outlaws, when the scout sent in advance brought in their report. Though the wagons were parked, everything was quiet in the camp, and the usual fires had been lighted. Hoping to surprise the emigrants, the savages had dismounted, leaving their animals ungarded, though securely tied to the rocks around.

The scouts quickly understood this, and Yellowstone Jack was in favor of stampeding the herd, but Campbell demurred.

"That would spoil our plans, don't you see? The reds would know then that the whites had friends at hand, and would be at their guard. As it is, when they are at it, hot and heavy, we will come down on them with revolvers, and as we've all got pretty sound lungs, we can make 'em believe they're attacked by a regiment."

"Your head's level, old man! I knuckle under—I reckon 'll jest call you boss all the time!" said Yellowstone Jack, in a tone of admiration.

Campbell still led the way, and a few minutes more of cautious creeping carried them out of the pass and into the broad, level space before the corral. Crouching beside a boulder, they patiently waited for the moon to show itself, in order to gain an accurate idea of the enemy's position. They were not kept long in suspense. The light came, revealing to them the same sight that so astonished Pethonista and Ada.

Then came the single shot from the wagons—the clear, defiant shout, mingled with the death-shriek of the stricken savage—the wild charging cry of the enemy as they darted forward—and then the withering volley—the cheer of the victors—the rally—the strange sight upon the peak; and then the moon hid itself once more, as though loth to gaze upon such a terrible scene.

"Keep close to me—not a word until I shout; then go in for all you're worth!" hurriedly muttered Campbell.

The men glided rapidly forward. They had not noticed the weird being above, and were puzzled by the abrupt pause in the fight. But this was only momentary—then the horrible death-struggle for possession of the barrier was resumed.

A clear, trumpet-like voice rose high above the devilish din, and carried a thrill of terror into the Blackfeet hearts. One of their number fell, pierced with a rifle-shot. Then a wild cheer, long and seemingly composed of many voices, arose, and a death-hall swept through their crowded ranks.

The avenger was upon them! Raging like a vengeful fiend, Campbell leaped into their midst, nobly seconded by Yellowstone and his comrades. They rained death from every side, but not for long.

A cry of terror went up from the savages, and as with one accord they broke and fled, the white outlaws promptly imitated their example. But close upon their heels rode the avenger, terribly vindicating his name and reputation.

CHAPTER XII. THE SACRIFICE.

WITH a strength and activity that was little short of marvelous, the weird woman, still holding the half-senseless maiden in her arms, glided rapidly away from the spot where lay the still quivering form of Mat Mole. Turning aside from the plain trail, she traversed the steep incline, leaping from point to point with the activity and sure foot of a mountain goat, or lightly scaled the piles of broken rock, seemingly gifted with the powers of a cat, in more senses than one.

Abruptly she paused, allowing Minnie to sink to the cold rock beside her. Leaning upon the heavy staff that had stricken Mat Mole senseless, the weird woman stared fixedly before her, into the dense gloom.

Minnie stirred uneasily. The shock of her fall had, in a measure, broken the spell that had fallen over her mind. She stared wildly around. She could barely distinguish the form of her strange captor, and might possibly have taken it for another of the fantastic rock piles that stood upon every side, only for the words that dropped unconsciously from the weird woman's lips.

"Speak plainer—how can I understand when you whisper so low? It makes my head hurt—my brain whirl and dance and ring—yes, it rings now! I can hear the bell—Dolly wore it—my cow. That was before I died—when I was happy with him! Ah! why don't you speak clearer—you are hissing like a snake—and I see it now! A snake! see it crawl—it comes nearer—it touches me—it winds about me—ah! 'tis a snake—slimy and hideous, but it wears his head—the devil who killed me! Down—down! Ha! ha! you creep in the dust—your head is bruised and bleeding—like my heart!"

The weird woman dealt fierce blows upon the rock with her staff, then sunk suddenly back, with a low moan of intense suffering, both hands pressed to her breast.

Minnie had been a terrified witness of her raving, but there was such a tone of suffering in the last words that she forgot all else, and strove to comfort the weird woman.

"You are ill—can I help you?" she faltered. There seemed a magic in the words. The woman's tremblings ceased, a low, grating cry broke from her lips and two bony hands clutched the maiden's shrinking figure, drawing her forcibly forward, until their faces nearly came in contact. The weird woman's eyes filled with a phosphorescent light that seemed to burn deep down into the terrified girl's brain.

"Now I understand—now I know what my good master meant! He says sacrifice—sacrifice! That is why he has sent you to me—I can read his sign stamped upon your forehead. It tells me that you must die. Come—don't

you hear him calling! He will be angry if I delay. And then he will put another queen over my head," muttered the weird woman, lifting Minnie to her feet.

"Mercy—mercy! do not murder me! Spare me—I am too young to die!" moaned the terrified maiden.

"Too young—I was young once. Young, loved and fair to look upon. Yet I died—yes, I died—yes, I died! He killed me. He made me sleep first—where I had such bright, blissful dreams—where all seemed love and happiness—where his voice sounded like the softest music—his features those of an angel. Ah, had it only lasted—could we have only drifted on forever in that land of dreams! But that was not to be. Something broke the spell. The music was the chorus of drunken devils—and then his mask fell off—it was the horrible head of a serpent that I saw. And then I died—yes, I must have died, because I never saw him again—for whom I gave up my immortal soul. The serpent came instead—slimy and loathsome. And then—my head turns round and round and mixes the words all up. I can't tell what came next—only I know that he killed me. He struck me on the head—here," and the weird woman pressed Minnie's finger into a deep furrow upon her head. "That's what makes it so light. Sometimes I have to tie it down to the rocks, to keep it from flying 'way off up there—where the bright star shines. Those are the times that my master comes to me—and we go floating all over the world, noting down the names of his new slaves. 'Tis glorious sport! He talks plain, then, while now he only whispers—ha! you hear! He says *sacrifice—sacrifice!* I am a queen, but he is my master and I must obey his commands."

"'Tis only the wind that howls through the hills—"

"Ha! ha! poor, silly fool—to think to deceive me—think you I know not the difference between his voice and the muttering of the wind! No, no—ye want to escape me and make him angry—you think that he will make you queen of this land, over my head, then. But I say no, you must go when he calls."

With a low, grating laugh, the weird woman dragged the maiden forward a few steps, then paused, holding her erect with that wonderful strength so many maniacs are gifted with, despite Minnie's desperate struggles to free herself, and then, exhausted, the poor girl lay half-senseless in the weird woman's vice-like grasp.

"Look! yonder is my master—he is waiting for you! See him floating in the air below us! That is a good sign. Cease your trembling—there is nothing to fear. He is in a good humor to-night—see him smile—he does not mean that you should die—he will catch you as you fall. Perhaps he has need of another queen—yes! see! he holds a crown for you. 'Tis smaller than mine—but that is just, since I am his favorite vassal. Do you see him? Answer me—I command you!"

"Mercy—have pity on me! I can see nothing, nothing but death!" moaned the poor girl.

"Then—but no—he motions for me to wait. The moon is just coming from under that black cloud. He means for me to wait until you can see what the future has in store. Stand up—he hates cowards," impatiently added the maniac, roughly shaking Minnie.

The dark cloud swept swiftly on. Its ragged edge grew brighter and brighter, until the broad silver moon moved majestically from behind the murky veil.

"Now, you can see—look, quick! he is growing impatient—he beckons—you must obey!" shrieked the weird woman, lifting Minnie by the shoulders clear of the rock, holding her at arm's-length over the frightful abyss.

They were upon a narrow point of rock that overhung an almost fathomless canon. A fall from this would be inevitable death. The breath of life would have departed the body long ere it touched the jagged rocks below.

One terror-stricken glance did Minnie give, then closed her eyes in horror; almost unconsciously a prayer passed her lips.

"Mother in heaven! protect thy poor child!"

These simple words produced a strange effect upon the mad woman. The wild light faded from her eyes, the frenzied look abruptly fled from her wrinkled features, and with a gasping cry she tottered back from the dizzy verge, sinking to the rock beside the maiden.

"You have a mother—you pray to her?"

"My mother is dead; an angel in heaven," Minnie faltered, almost fearing to speak, though a wonderful change had come over the weird woman.

"I had a mother once, and she died; he told me that it was my bad conduct that broke her heart. She was good and pure and holy. Often when my brain is well, I wake up from a pleasant dream, and feel her warm kiss upon my brow, just as she placed it there when she bade me good-night. She didn't dream how wicked I was, or 'twould have been her curse instead! And that night I stole away like a thief. I was a thief, for I robbed them of their earthly peace for all time to come! And I was called mother, too, by a little angel; I don't remember why she left me. I was very kind to her. I would have died for her sake, and for his. But she went away; maybe mother called her. She thought I would teach her to be wicked like myself, perhaps."

There was something peculiarly touching in these words, uttered as they were in a subdued, mournful tone by that strange being, as she sat rocking to and fro, wringing her hands ceaselessly; and Minnie felt a choking at her throat, as she mastered her terror sufficiently to say:

"As you loved your child, by the memory of the mother that loved you, I beg you have pity upon me; I never did you harm. I would like to be your friend, and help you if I could. I pray you let me return to my friends."

"Who are you that begs mercy of me?" abruptly interrupted the weird woman, springing to her feet, her eyes again filling with the fires of insanity. "Ha! I remember—you are the one whom my master demanded as a sacrifice! Come—he is all-powerful—he must be obeyed!" and she dragged Minnie forward to the edge of the rock, paying no heed to her broken sobs and prayers for mercy.

The moon was again hidden behind a cloud, but the mad woman bent far forward, as though trying to pierce the intense gloom below. Then she rose erect, and passed one hand across her brow with an impatient gesture.

"I can see nothing—he is gone—there is only that hideous serpent writhing around, biting itself with its bruised, bloody head. Master! I am here, ready to obey your will. I will give way to no more foolish dreams of the dead past. Tell me what to do—ah, thanks, good master! I was afraid you were angered with me. See—here is the sacrifice you demanded—I send her to you—but the weird woman held Minnie half-suspended above the abyss for a moment, without relaxing her iron grip.

"Ha! he shakes his head—he points toward the Enchanted Valley—he vanishes! What does he mean? He rejects the sacrifice—or wishes it at his home. That's it—at his home!" and laughing shrilly, the weird woman flung the helpless girl across her shoulder, and darted away from the spot, crossing the rough country with an ease and celerity fairly marvelous, avoiding the many pitfalls, as if by instinct.

Minnie was aroused from her stupor by the sound of shrill yells and rifle shots, and as the mad woman dropped her to the rock, she caught a brief glimpse of the plain below. She recognized the white-tiled wagons, and knew that friends were almost within reach. She stretched out her arms with a piteous cry for help, for the moment forgetting that the emigrants were in nearly as great peril as herself; and then, as the moon hid itself, the weird woman ceased her mad ravings, and again lifted the girl in her arms, pressing on with unabated speed, despite the distance she had already traversed.

Minnie took no note of the lapse of time, so utterly prostrated was she, both by bodily exhaustion and mental agony. At times, when the ground was more level, the mad woman set her upon her feet and half led, half dragged her along, never pausing after leaving the pinnacle above the attacked wagon-train until she reached the valley of the Boiling Spring, where the unfortunate trapper, Chavez, had met his death, some hours before.

The weird woman dragged Minnie up the peculiar curb that surrounded the spring, and then held her erect upon the edge. The peculiar vapor, the strange bubbling, hissing noise of the troubled water fairly aroused the maiden.

"'Tis here that my master declares the sacrifice must be made," spoke the old woman, in a cold, stern voice, greatly differing from the excited tone she had hitherto used. "This is his favorite place of repose. He comes here when he wishes relaxation from the care and trials of his government. He has said that you must die! There can be no appeal from his decision. Are you ready?"

"Mercy—by the memory of your mother, mercy!"

"I do not know the name. I am only a subject, though a queen. I can only obey my orders."

The strong hands closed upon the trembling form and raised the maiden from her feet, holding her poised above the bubbling waters for a moment. Then the helpless girl was flung into the midst of the Boiling Spring.

A single half-stifled shriek—a slight splashing—a few heavy blows of the blood-stained staff; then a wild laugh. And the moon hid itself behind a black cloud.

CHAPTER XIII. IN STRANGE COMPANY.

DOWN—down through empty space whirled the body of the hapless young emigrant. A piercing scream of agony—a dull crashing sound as the body reached the tree tops. The brittle pine boughs splintered and bent beneath the weight, though offering more and more resistance as the body neared the jagged boulders that so thickly strewed the canon bed, until, at last, the bruised, bleeding, senseless emigrant swayed up and down upon a sturdy bough, only a few feet above the jagged rocks.

The life blood trickled from his temple and showed in a dozen places upon his person, where the cruel boughs as they splintered had tore his garments and lacerated his skin. And thus, with gradually decreasing undulations, the ghastly figure hung doubled across the sturdy pine limb, while the last gleam of departing life faded before the twilight.

A shadowy shape stole silently along the bottom of the canon, gliding in and out, noiselessly passing from boulder to boulder, pausing at nearly every step to peer keenly ahead, above, around, as though dreading some enemy's attack. Silently the shadow glides on, then pauses directly beneath the now motionless body. Again that quick, burning glance around—then upward. A drop of blood falls upon the upturned face. The shadow flattens itself to the ground, and the muzzle of a rifle instantly covers the shapeless mass suspended in mid air.

All is still as death, save for one thing. Drop—Drop. Steadily the life drops are pattering upon the crimsoned rocks below. Then the rifle muzzle is slowly lowered—an indistinct, growling sound comes from the shadow, and all again man stands erect.

For a few moments, he stands staring at the gently swaying body, then drops his rifle, and nimble scales the tree that bears such strange fruit. The limb bends and creaks beneath its double weight, but the adventurer manages to grasp the emigrant's collar, and then, with considerable address, draws the senseless form toward him. He brushes back the long, matted hair, and eagerly peers into the blood-stained face, a strange, snarling sound rumbling from the massive chest.

Only for his bearing the human shape, one might liken him to some ferocious wild beast gloating over its prey.

Then the man cautiously worked his way to the ground, bearing the inanimate emigrant over his shoulder. Securing his rifle he retraced his steps up the canon, winding between or around the ragged masses of rock with an ease and celerity that proved his thorough knowledge of the trail, and still the red drops trickled freely from the young man's head, falling upon the rocky ground, leaving a bloody trail behind them.

For fully half an hour the stranger bore Frank Maynard on through the night, then turned abruptly to the left, as though about to take the almost perpendicular wall. After scrambling up a few steps, he stooped low down and parting a leafy screen where the wild grape vine covered several stunted pines, he lowered the body from his shoulder.

A few embers smoldered at some distance, and by aid of these, the stranger soon lighted a rude wick that was stuck into the hollow of the rock, filled with grease.

Dragging Maynard where the feeble light fell upon his face, the stranger hurriedly wiped the blood from his pale features, and gazed long and keenly upon it. A half sigh parted his lips, and as if unconsciously, he muttered:

"Not yet—not yet! How much longer must I wait! When'll the devil put him in my grip! Pears like I'll go crazy if this lasts much longer. Crazy—ha! ha! they did call me crazy once; but they lied—could a crazy man do what I did? No—no; I'd 'a' burnt up, too, like they did—but I fooled 'em! They thought 'twas my bones they found—jest's though I could die while he lived!" and the man laughed harshly.

A feeble moan parted Maynard's lips. The cold water used in cleansing the blood from his face had partially restored his consciousness, for, despite his frightful fall and the out-

law's treacherous shot, Frank Maynard was not dead.

This sound seemed to calm the stranger, and he bent over the body for a moment eagerly. He could feel the faint fluttering of the heart, and the bright surface of his broad-bladed knife was dimmed.

"He ain't dead yet—who knows? Maybe the good Lord sent him to tell me whar I kin find him!"

For nearly an hour the stranger worked before his efforts to restore life were rewarded. And then, after a few incoherent words and a dazed stare around him, the young emigrant's head sunk back and he slept—a sleep that closely resembled death. And the stranger crouched beside him, never once removing his eyes from the pale face through those long, weary hours.

It was broad day in the outer world, though within the rocky den a light was still necessary, since the bottom of the canon was never reached by the sun's rays, when Frank Maynard awoke to consciousness.

"Where am I—what has happened?" he murmured faintly, striving in vain to arise from the rude couch of leaves.

"You're in good han's, I reckon, an' 'll git along all right, if so be you 'bey orders an' take things easy," promptly replied the stranger, appearing far more like a sane man than when he had last spoken.

"I was falling—I had been shot—yes! I see it all now!" and Maynard shuddered convulsively. "We were dashed down from the ledge—down a horrible depth! And she—Minnie—was she—did you find her—"

"I only found you, swingin' 'twixt heaven an' earth on a pine branch. I don't reckon thar was anyone else. You're all mixed up in the mind, I reckon—an' leetle wonder 'a' ter sech a fall as that! But thar—I most forgot. Stranger, only fer me, you'd 'a' died out yonder. You was bleedin' fast—you couldn't 'a' lived 'a' hour longer, only I got you down, bringin' you hyar an' doctorin' up your hurts. You wouldn't lie to me, now, would ye?"

"I have nothing to conceal—why should I tell you a lie?"

"Now laugh at me! They all do that—they think it's fine fun to lie an' laugh at me, 'cause they think I'm crazy. But I ain't—sometimes I most wish 't I was; then maybe I might fer-git. But I can't—I kin see everythin' that happened jest's plain now as that black day. Thar—don't look at me so dubious like," and a tall, threatening glow began to fill the great eyes.

"What is it you want? It hurts me to speak—I am sore and aching all over," replied Frank, pettishly.

"Tell me whar he is—Zenas Kallach?"

"I never heard the name before; I know no man who goes by that name," replied Maynard, after a moment's thought.

"Don't say that—don't, stranger! I tell ye I ain't crazy—I'm on'y Jet Cowles. Jest think how long I've hunted for him—a lifetime—fer years an' years, night an' day, never restin' or sleepin' or eatin'. Then don't tell me that—after I've lotted so much on what you'd say when you woke up, 'Mebbe he's fooled you, too, with his soft tongue—maybe you think he's your friend. An' yet you've got a good face—it's like an honest man's face. You can't know what a wicked devil he is—but I'll tell ye. My brain's clear now—I kin see it all, jest as it come about."

"I was married—Mary an' me, an' we was so happy—tell he came. He was better-lookin' than me, an' had more book-larin'. We all liked him. An' then—why don't ye laugh, stranger? Ain't it fun to see a big cuss like me wif' tears in his eyes? But thar—I can't help it! Whenever I think o' that time, when we was all so happy an' contented, it makes a baby o' me."

"He stole her away from me," continued the man, in a harsh, strained voice. "Her an' the baby. I know that much—then somethin' went crack in my head. When I woke up, I was shut up in a big stone house, an' they said I was crazy. But I knowed they lied—'twas some o' his doin's, to keep me from tearin' his black heart out. I waited a long time fer him, but he didn't come. Then I set the house on fire an' run away. I had a dream that night, an' the good Lord told me he was up hyar in these parts. I can't find him, though I've bin lookin' ever sence. But you'll tell me whar he is—you won't try to hide him from me, now I've told ye what a black heart he's got! And the harsh voice softened and an imploring look rested upon the rugged, weather-beaten features.

"If I knew, I would tell you gladly—but I don't. I never met any such man—" began Maynard.

"You're lyin' to me—I kin see it in your eyes! Tell me the truth, or I'll tear you limb from limb!" cried the madman, his eyes glittering viciously.

"Who dares raise an angry voice in my dominions?" cried a sharp voice, as the leafy screen rustled and a human figure stepped into the den.

It was the weird woman—the witch of the Boiling Spring. She stood leaning upon her long staff, her thorn-covered head flung proudly back, an insane fire in her eyes.

"Who air you?" muttered Cowles, passing a hand across his forehead with a puzzled air.

"Your queen—bend your knee when you address me," was the angry reply, as the weird woman shook her staff.

"Who air you? How'd you find this place?"

"Ha! ha! what would be the use of being a queen, unless one knew everything?"

"Do you know Zenas Kallach? Kin you tell me whar I kin find him?" eagerly cried Cowles.

"Kallach—Kallach—is he a snake, too?" slowly uttered the weird woman, her voice changing.

"Yes—a pizen snake—tell me, quick!"

"Kneel down there, and kiss the hem of my robe; then I will know that you are a true and loyal subject. There," and she laughed shrilly as the madman tremblingly obeyed her, "arise. You know where the dead pine stands between three black rocks, up the canon?"

"Yes, yes, I know," hurriedly muttered Cowles.

"You will find the snake there. I bade him await my coming; but you will do just as well."

Jethro Cowles caught up his rifle and darted through the entrance. The weird woman laughed again; low, but with a peculiar cadence that caused a thrill of vague apprehension to creep over the wounded man. Nor was this lessened when the strange intruder glided close to his leafy couch, crouching low down with the catlike movement of a velvet-pawed panther stealing upon its prey.

"You are not one of my subjects; I never saw you before!" she muttered, peering keenly into his face.

"I'm sure we never met before," said Frank, with a queer feeling as though the glittering eyes were fascinating him. "But is it true what you told him about that man?"

"The canon is full of snakes; he may find the one he seeks—who knows? But that does not matter. I wanted to get rid of him without trouble. And why, do you think? Because my master does not wish his secrets known. He bade me tell that man what I did, that he might not witness the sacrifice."

"The sacrifice?" echoed Maynard, bewildered.

"Yes; didn't you hear him—my master—whisper? He said, 'Send me this young man.' That means you. Only spirits can go to him; so I must kill you."

These words were spoken in a low, even tone. Frank knew not what to think. It seemed like some fantastic dream. Surely this could not be reality!

But then, as the weird woman crouched lower as if for a spring, and the dull glow of the lamp-light fell upon a long knife, Maynard realized his peril, and with a faint cry, strove to arise and defend himself.

The weird woman sprung upon him, holding him down as easily as though he had been an infant, while the venomous blade was raised above his bared chest.

"I obey thee, master; see, I send you the spirit you demand!" screamed the weird woman, shrilly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)



"IN PACE."

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

Thou hast won in the race that was set for thy winning.
Thou hast conquered the foemen created to fight thee;
The rest which was promised thee in the beginning
Hath come, with its fullness of peace to requite thee.

Thy life is the sweetest,
Thy bliss the completest,
The crown which thou hast metest
Is given to thee!

Oh! so may I, too, when my life-work is finished,
Find restful peace and fullness close at the ending;
May loving and living through time undiminished
Be paid me, the price of my earthly contending.
May love which offendeth not,
In time which endeth not,
Which God to earth sendeth not
Be unto me!

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

"They say," she thought, with a shy delight,
"There's a charm in the four-leaf clover,
If that be so, I will find that charm,
If I search the whole field over.
For, oh! who knows, if they tell me true,
What a four-leaf clover for me will do!"

So down to the meadow she sped away
To search for the charms there growing;
Nor heeded the sun that kissed her cheek,
Nor the wind her golden hair blowing;
But over the fragrant grass bent low
To see if the prize hid there or no.

But was 't the bird in the old elm tree
Who flew with the secret laid?
And carried to somebody near at hand
The news of our little maiden?
Or was it that somebody wanted too
To see where a four-leaf clover grew?

For soon it happened that two heads bent
In search of the wondrous clover,
The while that a pair of dimpled cheeks
Were mantled with blushes over.
But what if their search proved all for naught,
Since, with or without, the spell was wrought!

The Letter-Box.

A. E. G. R. T. (St. Louis) writes:
"A young man whom I had always regarded as a true friend, was jealous of the lady I love, and imitating my handwriting wrote her that my father did not wish her to associate with me, but that I, a young lady, of which she was none, etc. I have told her I never wrote such a letter, but she will have nothing more to do with me. What shall I do under the circumstances? I am twenty-three and have considerable wealth, besides being heir to a large amount from an uncle. How is my writing and composition?"

If you are of age and independent, why not write her that you are willing to prove the falsity of the letter by making her your wife at as early a date as she will name? Plead your love and desire to marry her, and then abide by the consequences.

Do not depend upon wealth, especially that which you are merely heir to. The most admirable men are those who are never too rich to do some honest work.

Your composition is very fair indeed, and your penmanship good—if at all faulty, it is a trifle too ornate.

"Frost" (Claverack, N. Y.) says:
"Will you kindly tell me whether a gentleman commits an indiscretion by offering his arm while promenade during the day? Also, should a gentleman invariably offer his arm to a lady in the evening? May a gentleman ask a lady to accompany him to a private entertainment to which he has been invited?"

A gentleman commits no indiscretion by offering his arm to a lady in the daytime, though it is not often that a lady accepts unless she be your wife or affiancée. In the evening you should never think of using as escort to any woman without offering her the assistance and protection of your arm. If your invitation to a party, or other place of amusement, be in the formula, "Mr. —, the company of yourself and lady are requested, etc.," you can choose a lady friend and extend the invitation to her. But there are many cases, where your presence only is desired.

MARY MONAHAN (New York) writes:
"I am keeping company with a young man three years my junior. I love him dearly, and he asked me to be his wife, but he is not yet of age. He has been married with so much difference in our ages? His folks are down on me, and his father says our marriage would be illegal; and that I am enticing him to marry, which is not so. Should I give him up or not? It will break my heart to give him up, still I think I will abide by your decision."

There is no "harm" in your marrying a man three years your junior; but, as a rule, a woman had much better marry a man five to ten years her senior than one year her junior. But if you truly love each other, and you, personally, feel the difference in your ages to be no great impediment, there is no reason why you should not marry. Your marriage would be legal enough, but a justice or clergyman marrying a couple under age without the consent of parents is liable to a fine. But why not wait until he is of age, and then do as seems to you both best?

Saturday Journal

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

OFF TO THE PLAINS!

The celebrated scout and writer, Buffalo Bill (Hon. Wm. F. Cody) and the noted ranger and guide, Texas Jack, (J. B. Omohundro) are off for the Buffalo Ranges and the Black Hills country, as convoys to a

Saturday Journal Expeditionary Corps, comprised of one of the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL and of several of its most popular contributors of stories of Western, Border and Wilderness Life.

The expedition is one of combined exploration, adventure and field sport—in the benefits of which our readers will participate, both by the future contributions of Buffalo Bill and the gentlemen accompanying him, and by notes from the field which will be given from time to time.

Sunshine Papers.

What We Must Come To.

SOLOMON said, in his day, there was nothing new under the sun; but we cannot avoid speculation as to whether the merchants of that age had discovered the benefits accruing from extensive advertising. We are inclined to think not, and so overlook Solomon's mistake; for we could assure him, that in our time, wherein advertising is reduced to a fine art, something new under the sun, appealing through the taste, the smell, or the eye, to the pocket, is a daily occurrence that would startle us out of our modern stoicism were it to be honored once in the breach rather than the observance.

Fans, pocket-glasses, soaps, calendars, books, pictures, rules, cigar-cases, tablets, perfumery, and a thousand and one little articles come in the shape of advertisements. Windows, shops, saloons, houses, men, women, fences, fences, papers, deeds, are only large advertisements. Steamers, cars, hotels, offices, theaters, halls, churches are used chiefly as advertising mediums.

What? You take exception to some of my statements? Then let me review them and convince you that I understand whereof I write.

Who that has ever passed through the streets of a populous town has failed to learn the language of windows. Their display of dainties, their glitter and curiosities, and pictures, and placards, and goods ticketed "The Gem," "Choice," "Newest Style," "The Gem," are all advertisements of what may be found within. So those gorgeous curtains that handsome houses, those fairy screens of foamy lace, those snowy folds of fluted muslin, those soiled one-sided shades, those blinds all gilt and scarlet lines, and the ones next door painted in delicate soft tints, are all advertisements—advertisements of gilded sin, of fabulous wealth, of woman's handiwork, of neglected homes, of vulgar display, of refined taste. Is there scarce a shop or saloon not filled with framed advertisements showy in coloring, lettering and gilt? And the houses, in town at least, do they not move with bells swinging upon their backs, advertising some clothing-house, bells under their necks, bespeaking the convenience of some car-port, bells girding their bodies, announcing Jones to be "The Great Five Dollar Hatter" or in brass-studded harnesses proclaiming some safe manufactory, or does not their very power and light and size promulgate the merits of some flourishing brewery? Men advertise their tailor, their hatter, their habits; and women are walking advertisements for milliners, jewelers, drygoods merchants, hair importers and apothecaries. Fences are either claimed by right of "squatter sovereignty" or hired at so much a square inch, and are blazoning with announcements of entertainments, sensational literature and merchandise. The highest buildings of our towns are crowned with signs, the rugged beauties of our rivers and mountains are covered with whitewash and paint advertising tonics, cosmetics, patent medicines and blackening. Man's every deed is an advertisement of his means, his profession, or his character.

No longer do we enter steamers, stages, and cars, pleasantly painted and adorned with pretty pictured panels. To be sure those pictures might not have displayed the highest perfection of art; they might even have been refused admission among our national art treasures; but they were generally deplorable, and on a day when the thermometer ranged at ninety-eight in the shade were restfully suggestive in their delineations of old mills, trout-streams and duck-ponds; at all events they were preferable to the tripled rows of "ads" meeting one's gaze, the prominent ones being of cooking-stoves and hot-air furnaces. In hotels and offices advertisements cannot be shut out, because this one was sent by a patron, and that by a useful acquaintance, and another by a creditor. In theaters and halls advertising sheets give the programme of the entertainment, musical instruments are announced as such and such a manufacturer's, fashions and castes, faces and talents, and popular tastes and sympathies are proclaimed. As for our churches, do they not advertise that consideration, friendship, notice, are gifts bestowed only on those who can claim them by right of notoriety, display, or money? Do they not advertise the old-time creeds obsolete, and that popularity and gold can buy condonation of all offenses? Do not their costly walls, their gilded altars, their haughty patrons, advertise that humility, poverty, wretchedness, have no place in them? An architect advertises his business by presenting an elegant pulpit to a new church, a publisher by donating books to some public library, a lawyer by giving his services in some criminal trial. The daily papers advertise everything, the secular weeklies a few matters, and the religious weeklies a very great

deal that had better be left out. Some people's ideas of the dignity of religion and the eternal fitness of things may not be elevated by reading a thrilling sermon, followed by an enthusiastic theological editorial, upon one page, and advertisements of patent mustache lotions, exotics that claim to prolong life beyond the bounds of anything mortal, and lottery schemes in the line of building-lots, upon the next.

If this advertising mania continues, we may as well reconcile ourselves to it in the way of making a virtue of necessity, and let the fronts of our houses, and the surface of our garments, to enterprising agents, and turn ourselves into a walking alphabet as soon as possible, for there seems no hope for us.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AIMLESS LIVES.

I HAVE seen some folks whose lives seemed to consist of nothing more than eating three meals a day and going to sleep, and I have thought to myself, if any people had aimless lives, they might surely be put in the category, for what were their lives worth to themselves or to any one else around them? They were so idle that they couldn't very well be useful, and I am pretty sure an idle individual is not ornamental.

Some folks live only to dress and make a show of themselves, and if they cannot have this thing or that, what a pucker they put themselves into! I often think that such personages are really afraid to die; not on account of their unworthiness to walk the streets of the Heavenly city, but because they fear their grave-clothes may not be of the most approved pattern or not as stylishly cut as they would like. For my part, I wonder what they'll do when they get to heaven—if they ever do get there—where fashions are unknown? The reading of a fashion magazine all day, or shopping, or wondering what the newest styles will be, "and if that odious Miss Skinner will get that new pattern of silk before I have a chance to see it," then a round of balls, parties, soirées or lottedness, late hours for going to bed attended upon by late hours for arising—time frittered away. Ugh! What aimless lives!

Not long since I read the account of the death of a lady—the death was caused by dancing too excessively—who left orders, ere her demise, that she should be laid out in her ball-dress, have her hair dressed in the latest style and her head turned on one side to show how fashionably her locks were arranged. I could almost know by that how full her life had been of vanity. I could have preached the sermon over that woman's body, and it wouldn't have taken me five minutes, either. I could have expressed everything necessary in the three words, "An aimless life." The "ruling passion" is "strong in death," and those who have had nothing but their own personal adornment to look after in life will not be very particular to care for anything else when death draws nigh. God intrusts us all with talents, but there are few of us who seem to be aware of that fact, by the bad use we make of them.

I know of people who are apt to sit with idle hands and then remark with a yawn that "life is a dreary thing, and there is nothing to do."

Nothing to do? What a shame to make such a remark as that, when this world is so full of work, work that is waiting for some one to take hold of and accomplish! If you mope idly at home, I don't wonder that time hangs heavy on your hands and existence seems dull to you. Spur up and stir about, and you'll find enough to accomplish! Be busy, and you'll be happier than if you loll away your hours and drone away your life in idleness. Have some purpose before you; let your aim be for something high, good and noble, and don't you stop until you have arrived at the consummation of your wishes and desires.

I've just been telling Grandma Lawless about some of those people who live aimless lives, and who get sick of doing nothing, and then complain that there is nothing to do. "Patience sakes alive!" answers grandma; "what would be the use of any one's living if there was nothing to do, and while there is so much to be done isn't it more like a heathen and less like a Christian to leave it undone?" I consider grandma to be right, and, if she is somewhat old-fashioned in her ideas, I like her all the more for being so. Perhaps Bessie says: "Since you are so fond of giving advice and telling us that we ought to do something, maybe you'll be good enough to tell us what we ought to do."

I'll do so, Bessie, with the greatest of pleasure. First and foremost, be useful; give a helping hand and a cheerful word to those who are in need of such kindnesses. Because a person is wayward and wild, don't think he or she is all bad, or that there is not one bit of a chance for reformation, and so think the responsibility is off your shoulders. It is this idea—imagining folks are too bad to be bettered that fills the world with so many dejected creatures. Can't you find some hungry mouths to feed, some tattered beings to clothe, some souls thirsting for human love and kindness? Is there not some invalid who would gladly welcome you as a watcher by her couch? Is there not some one who is going down-hill, in character, that you can talk to, advise and help to win back to the paths of probity and virtue? Can't you spare a little of the loose change you spend in *bon-bons* and caramels to give to some one who could buy many loaves of bread for the same amount of money? Perhaps this very bread would save a fellow-creature's life from starvation. What can you do, darling Bessie? Do anything—good that is—than lead an aimless life!

EVE LAWLESS.

CLEVER FELLOWS.

As a general thing, the clever fellows make their way through the world and ingratiate themselves into society easily. There's a certain careless way they possess, and a "devil-may-care" ease about them, that finds favor among those with whom they come in contact. They seem to be allowed the largest liberty to say and to do whatever they please, and it is overlooked, because they are such "clever fellows." They impose on this liberty sometimes to too great an extent, making sport of others' infirmities, and light of many griefs, which should be held sacred. You may give them a gentle hint as to the impropriety of such actions, and the answer you will get will be something like the following:

"Oh, psaw! you mustn't mind anything I say. I don't mean half what I utter, and sometimes I scarcely know what I do say. When conversation lags, a fellow must say something. Why, I am one of the cleverest fellows living—wouldn't harm a flea."

Oftentimes this very carelessness in speaking gives rise to a great deal of trouble and annoyance. One of these clever fellows once

visited a young lady, and, in the course of conversation with her, stated that he had just left a friend of hers, who possessed her picture, and who showed it around rather freely—guessed he was going to give it away—thought it was something like that.

The young lady was indignant—can we blame her?—and thought very little of the person who possessed her picture after that.

She could not read the clever fellow thoroughly, as some others could do. She believed what he said—for it was not in her nature to believe a person would be so mean as to give utterance to words so untrue.

But this clever fellow consoled himself with the thought that he was only in jest—he wasn't manly enough to tell her so—and he didn't mean any harm. Mean it or not, he did a great deal; he severed a long existing friendship, and estranged two who had been the sincerest of friends.

But, what do these clever fellows care if they do cause estrangements? Not an atom! They seem to live and thrive just as well. Maybe they feed on their own conceit, but it is scarcely the sort of palatable diet to be recommended.

The generality of clever fellows could be taught many a lesson in politeness, and they ought to know—if they are not already aware of the fact—that all persons are not constituted alike, and that many individuals possess extremely sensitive organizations, and that words spoken in jest are often taken as solemn truths. To these beings a jeering word or flippancy speech cut deeper and sharper than the keenest tempered sword. In such cases, is it not just as well to weigh our words before we give utterance to them?

We may think it remarkably clever to speak lightly of others' infirmities, defects, shortcomings, foibles or follies; but it is more often a lack of good feeling, a want of a kindly heart, and a breach of good manners. To say that a man is a clever fellow should imply—as it does not now—a good fellow. F. S. F.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH.

THERE is a nameless charm which youth alone possesses—a glory and a grace, and a thing it—a dazzling light, an enchanted atmosphere that enwraps it, and through whose golden mist is viewed the world. All things are taken for granted. What is fair to the sight is looked upon and believed in, with never a doubt, never a fear. Calm skies, and deeply blue, with scarce one flitting, fleecy cloud; and sunshine, sunshine, everywhere! And oh! the flowers that blossom thick and sweet—cuddled by careless hands, crushed by light footsteps! Ye bloom but once, fair, fragrant flowers! So trusting is youth—it will not question what it wishes true—will not see a fault, but rather finds it a virtue to adore. Upon the site of ruined towers it rears its airy castles high—secure and firm they must stand, though their foundation be but shifting sand. No beating storm, no tempest's shock shall touch these glittering walls. Is not the sunshine everywhere! Free, and light of heart, untouched by the shadow of care, youth dreams not that these halcyon days can ever have an ending.

Too soon, too soon they pass; and where those fair blossoms grew, spring sharp thorns thick and fast. Where are the forms of truth and loveliness, once wildly worshiped? Where the statue of Faith, fair, pure, and holy? And Hope, the beautiful one, hath she fled the earth forever! Make answer, heart, that hath lived to see youth, with her thronging train of angel visitants, depart—that hath borne so many a wee thou scarce canst thoust, ah! Make answer, Life, whose morning was so fair—whose early promise he wrecked upon a far-off shore! Oh! Youth, whose presence was so fair, whose memory we still so fondly cherish, no sharper pang can touch our hearts than this—to know that thou art lost to us forever!

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn's Boarding-house.

THIS is to certify to all homeless and hungry people that I am about to establish a boarding-house in this city, which will be conducted purely on the *E pluribus-American* plan, but a little after my own notions, since I expect to be the landlord of all I survey.

Single rooms will be given to single gentlemen, and double rooms to double gentlemen. Guests desiring a room next to the one occupied by the boarder who plays on the accordion can have the same by applying to me and paying a little extra therefor, for I can't afford to furnish my guests with music all night for nothing. I should like for as many musicians to board here as possible, because it makes everything so lively.

Special inducements offered to families with numerous children, since there is nothing so cheering to the weary boarder as little footsteps on the floors and large tumbles on the stairs.

A large gong will be placed at the head of each bed with a bell running to the office whereby every going in the house will be sounded at once, and thereby every boarder will be saved the trouble of waking himself up in the mornings. No extra charge.

Imitation bars of soap will be on every washstand in the house, and if the soap doesn't froth the boarders are not expected to foam.

Every advantage will be afforded for boarders to leave who don't pay their bills. Old boots will not be taken in exchange for board, as this is not a lumber-yard.

If boarders desire anything all they will have to do will be to ring the bell, and if it isn't answered they can ring again. It don't cost anything in this house to ring the bell all day.

This house will be conducted on truly temperance principles, so that it will deserve to be called an inn-temperance—I mean a temperate inn.

Boarders are expected to change references with the proprietor—if their references will be of more use to him than the one he has of his own. In no case will he exchange for a worse one. All references must certify that the bearers have not been in the legislature or the penitentiary more than one year. That they have never been hung, and that they have never committed suicide under an exceedingly provoking circumstance.

People with extra good teeth are requested to stop stopping here, but those with small appetites will please stop and be stoppers.

The board at this house will depend much on the weather, and therefore will be weather-boarding.

We don't want any bore-ders; they will be pitched over-board.

As the consequences of overeating are terrible, and much more calamitous than not eating at all, the diet on this table will be light, because I don't want any sick boarders about

the house on my account when I can avoid it.

Real imitation butter will be on this table every day, and ornamental hash in all its variations.

Boarders turning their noses up at the board will have their noses turned down with a board, immediately.

Last night's sheets will not be this morning's tablecloths at this house.

No other boarding-house can vie with our viands, and when I say that our hash cannot be beat you can bet there is something in it.

All lodgers here will have to tell what lodge they belong to.

Boarders will be expected to take their coffee with a few grains allowance, and all the spoons will be chained to the table—not as a reflection upon the honesty of the guests but as a safeguard to the spoons.

Beds will be made up every week, unless boarders especially request that they be left alone for a longer period, and all complaints that there are not bedbugs enough will have respectful attention.

No injury will be allowed to be done to musketoes, as it has been proven that these humane insects destroy smaller mites which would otherwise be in the air, and make life a burden.

The stair-railing will be spiked to prevent genteel boarders from sliding down to breakfast, or up again.

Married couples are requested to bring their mother-in-law along, as they make everything more lively about the house, and I want my guests here to have every comfort of a home.

Free sidewalks run to all the trains, and this house is situated within walking distance of the post-office.

Being the man who originally kept tavern in Indiana, it can be seen that I am competent to even teach a large class of landlords and then have enough knowledge of the business left to carry on the best boarding-house in the State.

What can't be found on my table can be found at a neighboring dining-hall.

Terms moderate: only one dollar a day and one dollar a night. One dollar and a half a week or by the month fifty cents.

Meals between times will be charged something extra, although they will be nothing extra, in reality.

Rooms in attic will be correspondingly high. Half-fare, and no free tickets.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Hashist.

Woman's World.

MIDSUMMER WEAR.

EVERYWHERE, now, we meet the new Madras plaids, which seem to be as much "the rage" as were Dolly Varden fabrics two years ago. They are in all materials from cheap gingham and cottons to soft twilled silks. These strong contrasts rather offend critical tastes, and it is to be hoped that the mania for very high colors, possibly derived from another mania for Indian and Persian manufactures, may result in introducing into drapery the rich Oriental tints of blues with a creamy cast, crimson which fade into warm browns or into dead white, and the yellowish grays so loved by the people of the East. Mixtures are the law. Strawberry and vanilla ices are one comparison; another, a parti-colored Brazilian parrot. The *es* are black embroidered with red, red with white; and one point is established, that plain fabrics are trimmed with something, no matter what style, not plain; and figured fabrics are trimmed plainly.

It is refreshing to turn to the lovely Tusseh silks, cool, creamy-tinted batistes, open lace, fine net and elaborate *ecru* Hamburg embroidery. A filmy *ecru* lace costume is embroidered in Roman scroll design, and another is in Egyptian patterns. These range in price, unmade, from \$25 to \$55. Another delicate *ecru* fabric is very elaborately embroidered in creamy floss and gray thread, in imitation of the cap of a pillar of the Corinthian order; others in Roman and Greek arabesques. Some of these new goods are to be made up in polonaise shape, with a basque back. A newly imported fabric is Japanese linen. This comes in tablier aprons and basques, embroidered with Japanese thread in pagodas, trees, gods and birds for corner pieces and bordering. Price, unmade, \$22. Fine summer camel's hair de bages are embroidered in chenille and gray thread, self-colored, in large arabesques.

Another new seaside fabric is handsome black camel's hair and grenadine, in alternate stripes. This is forty-eight inches wide, and is intended for over-dresses, talmas, dolmas and basques, with large sleeves and other seaside wrappings. In preparation for country wear, there are dark-brown Holland dresses. The overskirt, flounces and half-fitting basque are embroidered with white in a small, neat pattern. Pongee and China gingham are made up in wrappers with a large Watteau fold in the back. Each of the fronts has a large revers of a contrasting color. Similar revers and cuffs, collar and pockets form other trappings. Where the material is blue and gray, or pink and gray, the trimmings are of plain blue or pink. Pockets of different sizes and shapes are universal. Plain brown, and drab linens are simply made and trimmed with flat folds and side plaitings of a darker shade, piped with white. Others are embroidered on the linen with dark worsted.

For the seaside there are the soft cashmires, all manner of soft India silks from dead-laid brown to the creamy pearl of the satin Tusseh, and pongees and silky foulard, rendered still more *caressante* with abundance of lace. American women are beginning to comprehend the folly of taking organdies and other limp fabrics to the seashore, where fashion frowns down starch and crinoline; and, as a woman draws inspiration from a perfect toilet, what role can she enact in a muslin into the folds of which the salt air has crept? But muslin overskirts and jackets, elaborate with insertions of lace, will be much worn over velvets as well as silk skirts. As women now appear like umbrellas with the handles downward, let it be remembered that French high heels are obsolete, and the present difficulty of sitting or walking is so awkwardly managed that a firm, equal step can only be gained by a broad flat heel to the boot, which all fashionable bootmakers comprehend. The great passion for embroidered fabrics repeats itself in bathing-suits. The new and popular fabric is the Etruscan cloth, or Turkish toweling, made up in Turkish trousers and long loose jackets with yokes. These are very elaborately embroidered in colored wools, and there are slippers to match. Other bathing-suits are made of gray flannel with red trimmings in the same style, and of scarlet serge crinoline with blue. The jacket is very large and plaited in a pointed yoke. There is a preference for oil-silk caps. There are other white twilled flannel suits gay with embroidery, and Spanish bathing-shoes of plaited tow, the upper part composed of coarse, gray linen worked with bright wools in stars, diamonds and crescents.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unvaluable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Box MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never send us both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline "Saved by a Star." "She Knew Me Not;" "A Face of Fear;" "The Texan Pirate Secret;" "An Apache Funeral;" "The Old Camp;" "For a Year and a Day;" "The Rifle Match;" "A Rogue's Friendship;" "The Victim;" "The Heroine;" "The Following we accept: "Harry Gordon;" "To Everybody;" "A Lesson in Rhyme;" "The Good in All;" "A Divided Patriot;" "Six Maids of Honor;" "Which way to the Spring?" "Miss Hawkins' Peace Offering."

M. B. A. Mrs. Whitchoer wrote the "Widow Beckett Papers." She died some years ago. It was her only successful work.

BENNY E. R. Peterson, of Philadelphia, are publishers of Mrs. Warfield's "Household of Hovavrie." Beadle and Adams publish her "Romance of the Green Seal," one of her most powerful productions. It will soon be given in their new library of Twenty-five Cent Novels.

SPORT No. 2. All the best averages of noted base ball clubs in games for 1874, are given in Beadle's Dime Base Ball Player for 1875, edited by Henry Chadwick.

DETRICK. Any time is the proper time for applying for admission to the training school of the U. S. navy. Write to commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

INQUISITIVE. Excuse for delay to answer. Your query got mislaid. An illegitimate child is not a natural inheritor of its father's estate. It can only inherit from the mother, and it is not the mother's will. It is a natural inheritor of the mother, however, and can only be dispossessed of her estate by her own act or will.

Geo. M. J. Vail. Quantities of wines are manufactured in Germany with not one drop of grape-juice in them. This wine is largely exported to this country as "Rhine Wine," "Hock," "Burgundy," etc. German beer is also manufactured from chemicals solely, no hop being used. Much of the beer of commerce is this stuff. Those who will "imbibe" must pay the penalty.

DANBURY STRUDWY. It is conceded by all men of intelligence that the date of man's appearance on earth reaches back to an age so remote as to render all chronology impossible. Year by year new evidences of his antiquity are being discovered, his existence here substantially as the man of today. How this may affect the Mosaic version of his creation and appearance is yet undetermined; but in all probability it will be found not at all inconsistent with received religious ideas.

H. A. M. Ice-cream is very easily made. Rich milk is sweetened slightly, then frozen in a tub of ice, the milk being stirred by blades, or by turning the can in the ice or by frequent stirring with a "beater" fixed on the can, or simply by a long spoon. Any good confecturer will advise you on the matter better than any written instruction.

JARED NEEDHAM. The rules for casting interest at any per cent, in use on Wall street, are much too long and numerous for us to quote. That for 5 per cent is: multiply the sum in water or oil only obtains the number of days, and divide by 73; for 6 per cent: multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 6; for 8 per cent: multiply by number of days, and divide by 42.

WESTERN CONTRIBUTOR. Oil colors are pigments ground up or mixed with oil. Water colors are pigments mixed on the palette with water. The professional artist, either in water or oil, only obtains liberal patronage after years of toil and success in winning a good repute. Artists who achieve this final success are few; this great majority remain very poor—oftentimes when they really are fine painters.

FRANK B. The one cent of the coinage of 1797 is worth \$2.50 in 1874, or only 15 cents if much worn. Cents were coined by the Federal Government in 1793-4; Connecticut, 1793-4; Vermont, in same years, etc., etc. The Franklin or Fugio cent bears date of 1786; the "Liberty" or Federal cent was coined in 1793—a head of liberty. To this head a "Liberty cap" was superadded in the issues of 1793-4-5-6. The cent known as the "knot" or "tie" cent from the knot in the ribbon, was issued in 1796. The cent known as the "fleur-de-lis" cent issued 1808 upward. A cent was emitted in Louisiana as early as 1724.

LOWAN. The great crop of the country is neither cotton nor corn, but grass, for the value of this product, in 1874, was equal to \$1,322,000,000, or half of the whole value of all products combined. The hay crop, \$7,000,000 tons, averaged \$30 per ton, saved, making \$210,000,000. This is only representative of the grass out on the land. The cattle and sheep supported, the milk, butter and wool produced—all are products to be credited to grass. The butter alone referred to costs two cents. These figures are not guesses, but are derived from actual returns.

LODUS POINT. We have used for blight in our orchard the following: To half a bushel of lime add four pounds of sulphur, mix the mixture with a quantity of whitewash, and when it is applied, add to each gallon of the wash half an ounce of carbolic acid. Apply this mixture to the leaves of the fruit. If the bark is diseased, remove the outer portion before making the application. Heaping wood-ashes around the tree oaks is also good if the blight is only slight. If the blight is very bad, let it stand in the water without heat, and add the juice of the currants, which has been pressed out, not boiled out; mix and put in a cask, which may be stopped immediately or left open twenty-four hours. Let it stand six months, when it can either be drawn from the lees and bottled, or put in a clean cask, to remain six months longer. It is better to use the mixture before use, but makes a pleasant drink after six months. Do not fill the cask full, as it needs some room for fermentation.

Mrs. HETTY R. A. We last year drank currant wine made from the following recipe, and pronounced it "superb," so we thought we would let others who want to know just how the real wine of currants is made: Take 3 pounds of sugar to 1 gallon of liquor, which is composed of 1 quart of currant juice to 3 quarts of water. Dissolve the sugar in the water without heat, and add the juice of the currants, which has been pressed out, not boiled out; mix and put in a cask, which may be stopped immediately or left open twenty-four hours. Let it stand six months, when it can either be drawn from the lees and bottled, or put in a clean cask, to remain six months longer. It is better to use the mixture before use, but makes a pleasant drink after six months. Do not fill the cask full, as it needs some room for fermentation.

CONSTANT READER. The number of words in the English language has been estimated as follows: Webster's Dictionary contains 81,011; Walker's Dictionary has 79,114; Worcester's 83,000; and Johnson's 54,000; the number of words in actual use is about 40,000; and those employed in daily conversation about 16,000; then, disregarding nautical, astronomical, legal, medical and scientific words, and those peculiar to any trade or pursuit, there are 40,498 remaining, and of these 20,500 are nouns, 9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 2,600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 68 conjunctions, 40 pronouns, 19 conjunctions and 2 articles; of the 40,498 words in Webster's Dictionary, 55,324 are of Latin or Greek origin, 22,220 of Anglo-Saxon, 1,728 of Semitic, 443 of Celtic, and 98 of Slavonic.

SUFFERER. Keep your feet warm, and wear woolen socks, and you will suffer with cold chills when exposed to outdoor air.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Postponement.

The first edition of ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB, announced to be ready July 19th, is necessarily postponed to July 26th. The large orders for this first volume of TWENTY-CENT SERIES of AMERICAN ROMANCE compels this short delay. Other volumes, embracing the other DICK TALBOT STORIES, will follow—making the new series one of the most attractive that has ever fallen from the popular press.

INDECISION.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Indecision! Ay, that's the quicksand of man's character, and life itself! Trembles on the treacherous foundation. It draws its victim down deeper, deeper, into its yielding vastness, till naught but a gigantic effort of will can extricate the almost nerveless frame. It is the parent of hydro-headed Sloth, Whose fangs, at first, paralyze the craven will. Then it draws its venomous length into the festering wound.

Once firmly fixed It throws out its poison, till the whole Being becomes one putrid, worthless mass. Man, God's masterpiece, is leveled by its influence, to the scale of groveling, Apathetic brute creation! Of lightning Growth, its subjects number legion! Oh, man, arouse! Shake off the coils. Arouse! no longer be a football For our workers. Realize thy full estate At once. Unearth thy buried talents; Unused, they are well-nigh rusted To the heart! Awake! no longer hold The life-reins in a listless grasp! Awake! the energetic man is nearing; Ere you are aware he'll snatch The idle reins; then off, like the wind, In fleetness.

Thy aim now! What is it? Where is it? There! Hard after it! Pursue it; keep on! Ah, now you grasp it! Reverse "Can I be?" It becomes "I can." Good; that's the stepping-stone To success! Flie upon your lifeless manhood! I'd rather tear my heart from out my body And lay it, a quivering mass, At my feet, than become the victim Of sloth-form, brain and body ruining Indecision!

Was it a Curse?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I don't care to hear anything more on the subject, Mrs. Flannagan. I have only to repeat what I said—if you don't pay up all arrears of rent before this time to-morrow, you will leave the rooms you occupy before sunset."

It was a clear, good voice that spoke, with that in it that could melt into tenderness, winnowing, when Crawford Leslie so willed; a fine, handsome face, brilliant, intellectual, refined, with deep, earnest eyes, that at times had a way of obeying their possessor's will, and playing sad havoc with women's hearts.

Just now, however, there was no trace of tenderness in the tone, or sign of softness in the dark, cold eyes—eyes that had only last night made Ida Ivan's blood tingle in every vein, as they looked squarely into her own, and never swerved in their magnetic glance, while Crawford Leslie waited for her to say what he intended she should say—"yes" to a question he had asked of woman for the first time in all his life—his life spent in studying women's hearts, and breaking them, until his own was conquered by the sweetest blue eyes that ever glared under darkest golden lashes—until Ida Ivan, belle of a brilliant season, and heiress in her own right, had taught him he had a heart.

And now, this fearfully cold, blustering morning, wrapped in his elegant Astrachan overcoat, his handsome face and form displayed to best advantage by the rich fur wrappings, it seemed as if, after all, he had no heart, as he stood in the shabby little kitchen, and listened relentlessly to the Irish tenant's excuse.

It was then, after the woman had exhausted all her entreaties for delay, that Mr. Leslie, burying his hands still deeper in his warm pockets, turned to leave the room, with the cold, cruel words on his lips already quoted.

The woman's face blanched at the language, the decided air with which it was said.

"Surely, yer honor'll never turn us out o' doors in this awful weather, wid the wind a blowin' and howlin', and the ground faze dapp in snow! Indade and it's not yer honor as wud do it."

"There's no need of any blarneying, Mrs. Flannagan. I am a man of my word. Pay the quarter's rent that you owe me by ten o'clock to-morrow, and stay. Don't pay it—and go."

"And how can I pay yees, Mistor Leslie, whin thim I work for don't pay me? If yees was to hang us this mornin' blissin' mornin', I could raise half o' the thirty dollars I owes yees!"

Leslie turned away, bored by the interview. "Well—you know your own business. It's only an accident that brings me here this morning, but my agent had orders to tell you what I have told you."

But Mrs. Flannagan followed him persistently to the door.

"But yer honor'll not put me out? me and the old man who's niver set foot outside these three years wid the awful swellin' in his hip? Give me a while longer—I'll pay it—ivry cent!"

A sharp look of almost wrath went over his steely face.

"Pay or go—and not another word on the subject."

And he strode away into the biting January air that was powerless to nip him under his costly furs.

"Confound the old harrier. As if a landlord is going to wait every lazy woman's pleasure! If every tenant were left to their own sweet will, I wonder what I would be obliged to do?"

But the wrathful look died out of his eyes as he walked along, leaving the wretched streets lined with the tenement houses, whose landlords, like himself, grew rich off their miserable tenants; as he neared the great thoroughfares, where fashion and business surged along.

He went leisurely along, a proud, handsome man, well satisfied with himself and all the world, and especially when he dwelt upon the fact of having won easily, he said to himself, with a self-assured smile—the fair woman at whose feet other hearts had been reverently laid, at whose hands other hearts had been gently returned.

He was thinking of her now, with a thrill of passionate gladness, and deciding whether a diamond or a plain gold ring were best for their betrothal sign; planning golden vistas of future happiness, undimmed by cloud.

And the while, crouching over her scanty fires, with her tattered shawl drawn tightly over her shoulders, the Irishwoman rocked to and fro, in slow, dreary monotony.

"Go yer ways, me foinie gintleman! go yer ways wid yer pockets stuffed wid money, and yer gold and yer dinnin's-shinin'! eat yer fill, and warm yees by yer fire, and slape soft and easy in yer bed—if yees can, wid the curses of the poor, lorn, cold, shat'rin' woman a-heapin' on yer head! Yis—curses! curses! that yees'll feel worse'n the cold and the storm me and me old man'll feel when we're turned out o' doors the morrow!"

A low, piteous wail came distinctly up through the open register, and Ida Ivan raised her eyes from her book, with a quick, inquiring, listening look.

"Did you hear that, auntie? Certainly some one is crying."

Mrs. Ivan listened a moment carelessly. "I hear nothing, dear. Go on with the poem; I think Holland never was read as you can read him."

A delicious little flush of pleasure surged over the girl's white cheeks—such exquisitely pale cheeks, that had not the least suggestion of ill health on them, despite their pearly fairness.

"I must be a reader of unusual ability indeed, if I can add the least charm to the 'Mistress of the Manor.' I—There! didn't you hear that sob?"

Her sweet face was all seriousness now, and she arose, laid down her book, and rung the dainty blue-silk-tasseled bell.

One could see how wondrous fair she was, how lily-like and graceful, as she trailed her pale-blue skirt over the carpet—her every motion queenly and composed.

Mrs. Ivan watched her across the floor and back, with a half-veiled look in her eyes.

"I do hope, Ida, your philanthropy has not taken a fresh alarm at the sound of a beggar crying in the kitchen. Last week it was a boy with his foot hurt that cost you so many tears and ten dollars; yesterday a colored woman with a miserable young one with the marmos that excited your sympathy and an order for unlimited attention from young Dr. Boynton. And now—"

Ida laughed—the sweetest, merriest little music; then her tender eyes grew grave and thoughtful.

"You make my little charities seem ridiculous by mentioning them, auntie; but, all the same, I shall try to do all I can with the wealth I have."

Then, to the maid who answered the summons she had given:

"Is anything the matter, Annie? Isn't some one in distress down-stairs?"

The girl dropped a courtesy.

"Indeed there is, Miss Ida—a decent, hard-workin' woman, too, that's often helped us with the house-cleanin' and the fine ironin' when we're uncommon busy. It's Bridget Flannagan, Miss Ida."

Miss Ivan listened attentively, while Mrs. Ivan looked on, half annoyed, half amused, at Ida's earnestness.

"The Irishwoman with the lame husband? oh, I know. What's the trouble now, Annie?"

"It's the hard times she's complainin' of, Miss Ida. She's got no money, she says, and Pat lyin' helpless, and the coal a'most gone, and their landlord's warnin' 'em out by to-morrow, unless the last quarter's rent's paid by ten o'clock."

Ida's eyes dilated with horror.

"Turn them out—in this weather! Is the man a brute, or worse? And Pat can't walk a step! Why, auntie"—and she turned to Mrs. Ivan excitedly—"it's dreadful! Surely even you think this an opportunity for me."

Mrs. Ivan shrugged her shoulders.

"Y-e-s," doubtfully. "And yet, if you were to attempt to pay the arrears of all the rents in this city, you would need—"

Ida quietly stopped her.

"But I do not. And I do mean to pay Mrs. Flannagan's. Annie," and she turned her sweet, almost inspired face to the girl, "I will send the money by you, if you will accompany Bridget home; and bring me a receipt in full from whoever is authorized to collect it. You understand?"

As she spoke, she took five ten dollar bills from her desk.

"If anything is needed, see it is got, and to-morrow I will drive around myself." And she resumed the "Mistress of the Manor" in her sweet, flute-like tones, as tranquilly as ever.

But Mrs. Ivan saw a gleam of indignation in her blue eyes, and smiled lazily at the girl's sad interest in the misery and poverty that existed around them.

The gas in the elegant drawing-room was turned down just enough to make the apartment look like an enchanted spot, with its light, gorgeously-tinted Aubusson carpet, its gleaming statuary, its frowning bronzes, its wreathing vines in the immense bay-windows, and the distractingly beautiful glimpses of the large conservatory beyond, whose glass doors stand wide open, admitting a warm, delicious perfume, the tinkle of fountains, the trickle of water over rockeries, the sight of mellow lights, gleaming in grand glass globes. Crawford Leslie enjoyed it immensely, as he walked slowly from one end of the room to another, while he waited for Ida to descend from her room to meet him—this, the first time since she had promised to be his wife—this, the time when, in pride and satisfaction, he would place on her finger the diamond ring that was lying, an imprisoned light, in the little blue velvet casket in his vest pocket.

Yes, Ida's was a beautiful home, and he was glad he had won it, with her. Ida herself was a jewel—of the purest water; and he—well, he stroked his Dundreary whiskers complacently, with one white, aristocratic hand, and thought there was no living woman who would have refused him—rich, handsome, exclusive as he was.

Overhead, in the grand hallway, he heard the rustling of a silk train; firm, light foot-falls; a sweet, dainty odor that always heralded Ida Ivan's pre-ence; and then his love herself, radiant in her fresh young beauty of health and happiness.

He came eagerly forward to meet her—this man who was ordinarily so *ennuyé* in most delightful society.

"My darling! I almost shiver lest you have regretted your promise last night. You haven't—have you?"

His voice so unused to pleading, was yet full of passion that made the girl thrill to the heart, even while she only smiled and extended her hand.

"Do you know of any reason why I should regret it? and regretting, retract it?"

He looked at her almost fearfully. Her face was so calm—so unlike what it was when she had looked at him twenty-four hours before.

"I know of a reason? Ida, what do you mean?"

Then, a pained, almost sorry look crept into her eyes.

"I mean there is a reason, Mr. Leslie, why I cannot fulfill my engagement with you. I learned only this morning the true nature of your character—found I had providentially escaped being more intimately associated with one whose views and disposition are so unbecomingly mine."

She spoke very calmly, but her slight frame trembled with emotion. It had been no small thing for her to dethrone her idol—her first young love; but she was brave, and decided, and sensible, and carried the day.

So she stood there, in all her beauty, and he listened in bewildered dumbness to the words that slowly, surely, shut him out of the greatest happiness of his selfish life. Then—

"I cannot comprehend. What have I done, or left undone?"

His lips were white—he loved her despite his selfishness.

"Only this," she said, sadly, as if she had spoken of a dear, dead friend; and she handed him a slip of paper, watching him as he read it, with a mute anguish in her eyes that fought the mastery, and was defeated by a brave courage. It was a receipt for thirty dollars, and read:

"Received of Miss Ida Ivan, per Annie Carlie, thirty dollars in full for one quarter's rent, premises—"

JAMES CLINTON, Agent, for Crawford Leslie."

A dull red flush spread like a quilt over his face.

"Well?"

He said it half defiantly.

"Is it well?" she returned, quietly. "Is it a good thing to harass the poor, and turn them homeless and homeless into the cold, wintry streets? Is it well to drive a lame sick man where death surely awaits him? Is it well, with thousands of dollars lying idly in the bank, for a man, made in God's own image, to do as you have done?"

His pride, shame and love had a conflict while she spoke.

"So Mrs. Flannagan has been to see you? I need certainly have no thought or care if her influence is so far superior to mine."

"Right is superior to wrong anywhere, Mr. Leslie, and certainly you need have no thought or care—of me, again. I could never put my hand in yours for life guidance after this. It may be a trivial matter to you, but straws show which way the wind blows."

He felt his heart throb against the diamond in his pocket; he saw the girl's pure, decided face; he fairly grit his teeth in the keen pain of the moment, and then, like a scathing memory, he remembered the bitter entreaties that he had turned a deaf ear to, that very morning—that he little recked decided his fate for this life.

And though he had not heard the woful curse that the woman had breathed upon him, from a heart throbbing with pain and trouble, still, who is there who dare say the curse did not come home to him in agonizing fulfillment, as he walked forth from Ida Ivan's presence, never to enter it again?

Victoria:

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE OLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

BARBARA'S BRIDAL EVE.

"WHERE is Barbara?"

Mr. Sweet was the speaker, and Mr. Sweet was leaning in Barbara's favorite position on the mantel, beating an impatient tattoo on its smoky ledge, and looking down on old Judith, who sat very blue-eyed and very grimy with smoke, on her creepy on the hearth. Breakfast was just over in the cottage, for a quantity of very sloppy earthenware stewed the wooden table.

"Where is Barbara?" repeated Mr. Sweet, as Judith's only reply was to blink and look at him with a cute smile.

"In her own room! Ah! you've done it at last, sir!"

"Done what?"

"What you always said you would do—make her marry you."

"She hasn't married me yet, that I know of."

"No, sir; no, of course not; but she's coming to it—coming to it fast."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Sweet, I ain't blind, though my old eyes are red and watery with smoke, and I saw you coming up from the beach last night, and ah! you was sweet upon her, you was, Mr. Sweet!"

"Well?"

To this query Old Judith only grinned in answer; and Mr. Sweet relaxed into a smile himself.

"Your are quite right," said he, pulling out his watch and glancing at it. "She has promised to marry me."

"I always knew it," cried Judith, rubbing her hands in glee—"I always said it! Nobody could ever hold out long against you. Mr. Sweet, you have the winningest way with you! Ah! she has come to luck, has my handsome granddaughter?"

"It is a pity your handsome granddaughter is not of the same opinion as her amiable grandfather. When can I see her?"

"Directly, sir. I will go and tell her; but first—it's no use asking her, for she never tells me anything—when is it going to be?"

"The wedding."

"That is precisely what I want to know. That is why I have made such an early call on your handsome granddaughter this morning."

"Didn't you settle it last night?"

"No. She told me she would marry me whenever I liked, and then she turned and was gone like a flash before we could come to any further terms."

"That is just like her!" said old Judith, no way astonished at this characteristic trait, as she walked across the room and rapped at her granddaughter's door. There was no answer; and she knocked again, and still there was no reply. Judith turned the handle of the door, which opened readily; and she entered, while Mr. Sweet, a little startled, stood on the threshold and looked in.

Barbara's room was small, and not at all the immaculate apartment the heroine of a story should be; for dresses, and mantles, and bonnets, and all sorts of wearing apparel were hung round the walls; and there were two or three pairs of garter-boots strewn over the floor, with books and papers, and a great litter of sketches and engravings, and novels, and painting materials, and a guitar (Mr. Sweet's gift) on the top of all. There was a little easel in one corner, for Barbara was quite an artist; and this, with the small bed and one chair, quite filled the little chamber, so that there was scarcely room to move. But the bed was neatly made—evidently it had not been slept in the preceding night, and sitting on the solitary chair at the window, in the gauzy-white dress of the preceding evening, her arms resting on the ledge, her head on them, was Barbara, asleep.

The exclamation of Judith at the sight awoke her; and she lifted her face, and looked at them vaguely at first, as if wondering how she and they came to be where they were. It all came back to her in a moment, however; and she rose to her feet, gathered up the fallen braids of her hair, and looked at Mr. Sweet with a haughty eye.

"Well sir," she demanded, angrily, "and what are you doing here?"

"It wasn't his fault," out in Judith. "I

rapped twice, and you never answered, and I thought something had happened, and I asked him to come in."

This little fiction being invented to avert the storm of wrath that was kindling in Barbara's fiery eye.

"Well, sir," reiterated Miss Barbara, still transfixing her disconcerted suit with her steady glance, "and being here, what do you want?"

This was certainly not very encouraging, and by no means smoothed the way for so ardent a lover to ask his lady-love to name the day. So Mr. Sweet began in a very humble and subdued tone indeed:

"I am very sorry, Miss Barbara, for this intrusion; but surely you have not been sitting by that window, exposed to the draft all night?"

"Have you come all the way from Cliftonlea, and taken the trouble to wake me up to say that, Mr. Sweet?"

Mr. Sweet thought of the plastic Barbara he had had last night, and wondered where she had gone to. Mr. Sweet did not know, perhaps, that

"Colors seen by candlelight Do not look the same by day."

and woman, being like weathercocks or chameleons, are liable to change sixty times an hour.

"Barbara," he cried in desperation, "have you forgotten your promise of last night?"

"No."

"It is on that subject that I came to speak. Can I not see you for a moment alone?"

"There is not the slightest need, sir. If you have anything to say, out with it!"

For once in his life, the oily and *debonair* Mr. Sweet was totally disconcerted. "Not at home to suitors" was written in capital letters on Barbara's bent brow and stern eye; yet there was nothing for it but to go on.

"You said last night, Barbara, that you would marry me whenever I liked! That would be within this hour, if I could; and as, perhaps, you would not fancy so rapid a business, will you please to name some more definite date?"

He quailed inwardly as he spoke, lest she should retract the promise of last night altogether. He knew he held her only by a hair, and that it was liable to snap at any moment. Her face looked forbidding, unless, smileless, and dark; and the eyes immovably fixed upon him, had little of yielding or tenderness in it.

"The time is so short, Barbara," he pleaded with a sinking heart, "that it must be soon."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Within this present week, Barbara, or if that is too soon, next Monday. That will give you time for your preparations."

"I have no preparations to make!"

"For mine then. Do you consent that it shall be next Monday?"

"Mr. Sweet, I said last night it should be whenever you pleased. I say the same thing to-day! There, you need not thank me; do me the favor to go away!"

"Only one moment, Barbara. You must have dresses, you know. I shall give orders to that Frenchwoman up in Cliftonlea and she will come down here to see you, and provide you with every thing you want."

Barbara stood looking at him stonily, with the door in her hand. Old Judith was glancing from one to the other, with her keen eyes.

"On Monday morning, at ten, you will be ready, and I will drive down here and take you to the church, and another thing, you must have a bridesmaid."

"I have one thing to say to you, sir," said Barbara, opening her compressed lips, "that if you torment me too much with these wretched details, there shall neither be bridesmaid nor bride on that day. Whatever is to be done, you must do yourself. I shall have neither part in this business. Let me alone and I will marry you on Monday, since you wish it. Begin to harass me with this stupid rubbish, about dresses and bridesmaids, and I will have nothing whatever to say to you."

With which harsh and decided valedictory, the impatient bride-elect closed the door in their faces, and turned the key inside to the unspeakable discomposure of the lawyer, and the intense delight of the amiable old lady, who grinned maliciously, until a very yellow blush in her sunken jaws was visible.

"Oh, it is a charming courtship, a charming courtship!" she chuckled, rubbing her hands and leering up sideways at her visitor. "And she is a sweet bride, she is. I wish you joy of her, Mr. Sweet!"

"My good old soul!" said that gentleman, bringing the yellow luster of his eyes and smile to bear on his friend, "don't be malicious. Don't, or you and I will fall out! Think what a pity that would be, after having been tried and trusty friends so long!"

Perhaps it was at the bare idea of losing the invaluable friendship of so good a man, or, perhaps, it was at some hidden menace in his tone and look, that made Judith cower down, and shrink away fearfully under his calm gaze.

"I expect you to do everything in your power for me," he went on, "in the present case. You see she is willful, and will do nothing herself; her promise is as frail and brittle as glass; if I leaned on it ever so lightly it would shiver into atoms beneath me, therefore I cannot venture to speak to her. You must act for her; and, my dear old friend, if you don't act to the utmost of your power, you will find yourself within the stone walls of Cliftonlea jail before the wedding-day dawns!"

"Oh what can I do?" whimpered old Judith, putting her dirty apron to her eyes. "I darsent speak to her. I'm afraid of her. Her eyes are like coals of fire! I am sure I want her married as much as you do. I never have any peace with her at all!"

"Very well, I think we shall not fall out. I am going now, and I will send my housekeeper down here for one of her gowns, and the Frenchwoman must make them by that, for Barbara won't be measured, it appears. Does my dear friend, Peter Black, know anything about this yet?"

"No, he don't."

"Then I shall take the earliest opportunity of letting him know. I should like to have my intended father-in-law's blessing, and all that sort of thing. Where is he?"

"Oh, where he always is, drinking goes of gin and water at the Cliffe Arms!"

"Dear, imprudent boy! I suppose he requires a gentle stimulant to keep up his spirits. Good-morning, Mistress Judith, and try if the future Mrs. Sweet will not partake of some breakfast?"

With this parting piece of advice, the pleasant lawyer walked away, drawing on his gloves and humming gayly, the "Time I have Lost in Waiting."

Judith did not take his advice, however, regarding the breakfast. She would almost as soon have put her head inside of a lion's den as into the little room where her handsome grand-

daughter sat. It needed no second sight to see that the old woman stood in the greatest awe of the grave, majestic girl, who looked at people so strangely and wildly out of her dark spectral eyes—an awe which, truth to tell, her sulky and savage son shared. The dogged and sullen ferocity of the man, cowered under the fiercer and higher spirit of his daughter, and Miss Black, for the last two or three years, had pretty much reigned Lady Paramount in the cottage. The gray mare in that stable was by long odds the better horse! So Judith lit her pipe, and sat on her stool by the smoldering fire, and she and it puffed out little clouds of smoke together, and the big brass hands of the old Dutch clock went swinging round to twelve, and nobody entered the cottage, and no sounds came from the little chamber, and the future Mrs. Sweet got no breakfast, when, at last, a shadow darkened the sunny doorway, and a meek little woman presented herself, and claimed the honor of being Mrs. Sweet's housekeeper. Luckily there was a dress of Barbara's hanging in the kitchen, or Judith would have been between the horns of a very sad dilemma, in fear of the lawyer on one hand and the young lady on the other; and the meek little matron rolled it up, and hastened off to the French *modiste* up in the town.

That was Wednesday; and as there was only three working days between him and his bridal morning, Mr. Sweet seemed in a fair way to have his hands full. There was a long talk to be had in the first place with that dear boy, Peter Black, who swore a great many oaths under his unkempt beard, and couldn't be brought to reason until Mr. Sweet had smiled a great deal, and referred several times to Mr. Jack Wildman, and finally ordered another gin and water for his future parent-in-law, and clapped him on the back, and slipped two guineas into his horny palm. Then Mr. Black growled out his paternal assent, and scowled like a tipsy tiger on his new son, who only laughed good naturedly, and patting him on the back again, walked away.

Then he had to visit Madame Modiste, the fashionable dressmaker, who came in smiling and dipping, and with whom he held another consultation, and filled out a blank check, and obtained a promise that everything should be ready on Saturday night.

There were a thousand and one other little things to do, for getting married is a very fussy piece of business; but the Cliftonlea lawyer was equal to matrimony or any other emergency, and everything bade fair to come off swimmingly.

Lady Agnes Shirley had to be informed the next day, for he wanted leave of absence for two or three days, to make a short bridal-tour to London and back; and Lady Agnes, with as much languid amaze as any lady in her position could be expected to get up, gave him *carte blanche* to stay a month, if he pleased. Then there was the license and ring to procure, and the wedding-breakfast to order, and some presents of jewelry to make to his bride, and new furniture to get for his house, and the short week went; and only he was so impatient to make sure of his bride, Mr. Sweet could have wished every day forty-eight hours long, and then found them too short for all he had to do.

But if the bridegroom was busy from day-dawn to midnight, the bride made up for it by doing nothing whatever on

think. What in the world has brought you out such a nasty night?"

"I have come to see Colonel Shirley," said Barbara, entering. "Is he at home?"

She had scarcely spoken before that day, and her voice seemed strange and unnatural even to herself. Mrs. Wilder started as she heard it, and gave a little scream as she took another look at Barbara's face.

"What on earth!" said Mrs. Wilder, who, when flustered, had a free-and-easy way of taking up and dropping her "h's" at pleasure. "What on earth hails you, my dear? You look like a ghost—don't she, Johnson?"

"Uncommon like, I should say!" remarked Mr. Johnson.

"No!" said Barbara, impatiently. "I want to see Colonel Shirley. Will you have the goodness, Mrs. Wilder, to tell him Barbara Black is here, and wishes particularly to see him?"

"Oh, yes, I'll tell him! Come along up stairs. I was just going into the drawing-room with these candlesticks, any way. 'Ere, just step into the dining-room, and I'll let him know."

Barbara stepped into the blaze of light filling the spacious dining-room from a huge chandelier, where gods and goddesses played hide-and-seek in a forest of frosted silver; where a long table flashed with cut-glass, and porcelain, and silver-plate, and bouquets of hot-house exotics, in splendid vases of purple spar and snowy alabaster; where a carved oak sideboard was loaded with wine and dessert, and where the walls were brilliant with pictures of the chase and banqueting scenes. It was all so gloriously bright and dazzling, that Barbara was half-blinded for a moment; but she only looked quietly round, and thought of the smoky kitchen, and the bare deal table, with the brown bread and beef at home. She could hear voices in the blue drawing-room (which was only separated from the one she was in by a curtained arch), and the echo of gay laughter, and then the curtain was lifted, and Colonel Shirley appeared, his whole face lit with an eager smile of welcome, and both his friendly hands extended.

"My good little Barbara! my dear little Barbara! and so you have come to see us at last!"

She let him take both her hands in his; but as he clasped them, the glad smile faded from his animated face, and gave place to one of astonishment and concern. For the beautiful face was so haggard and worn, so wasted and pale; the smooth white brow furrowed by such deep lines of suffering; the eyes so unnaturally, so feverishly bright; the hands so wan and icily cold, that he might well look in surprised consternation.

"My dear little Barbara!" he said, in wonder and in sorrow; "what is the meaning of all this? Have you been ill?"

"No, sir."

"Your very voice is changed! Barbara, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"Something, I think! Sit down here and tell me what it is."

He drew up an easy-chair and placed her in it, taking one opposite, and looking anxiously into the wasted and worn face.

"Barbara, Barbara! something is wrong—very much is wrong! Will you not tell an old friend what has changed you like this?"

"No!" she said, looking with her lustrous eyes straight into his.

He sat silent, watching her with grave, pitying tenderness, then:

"Why have you not been to see us before, Barbara?"

"I did not wish to," said Barbara, whose innate uprightness and indomitable pride made her always speak the straightforward truth.

"Do you know that Vivia sent for you almost every day?"

"Yes!"

"Why did you not come?"

"I did not wish to."

"Do you know that my daughter and I went to your cottage the day after our return to see you?"

"Yes!"

"We did not see you; your grandmother said you were ill. What was the matter?"

"I was not ill, but I could not see you."

More perplexed than ever, the colonel looked at her, wondering what mystery was behind all this to have changed her so.

"I have heard, Barbara," he said, after a pause, "that you are going to be married. Is it true?"

"It is."

"And to Mr. Sweet?"

"To Mr. Sweet!" she said, calmly; but with the feverish fire still streaming from her eyes.

His only answer was to take her hand again in both his own, and look at her in a way he sometimes looked at his own daughter of late—half sadly, half gayly, half tenderly. Barbara was looking at him, too. There was something so grand the man's face, something so noble in his broad, serene brow; something so genial in his blue eye, shining with the blended fire of man and tenderness of woman; something so sweet and strong in the handsome, smiling mouth, something so protecting in the clasp of the firm hand; something so infinitely good and great in the upright bearing of figure, and kind voice, that Barbara's heart broke out into a great cry, and clinging to the strong arm as if it were her last hope, she dropped down on her knees at his feet, and covered his hand with passionate kisses.

"Oh, my friend! my friend!" she cried "you who are so noble, and so good, who have been kind and tender to me always, and whom I love and revere more than all the world besides, I could not do it until I had heard you say one kind word to me again! I could not sell my soul to perdition, until I had knelt at your feet, and told you how much I thank you, how much I love you, and now, if I dared, I would pray for you all the rest of my life! Oh, I am the wickedest and basest wretch on God's earth! but if there is anything in this world that could have redeemed me, and made me what I once was, what I never will be again, it is the memory of you and your goodness—you, for whose sake I could die."

She sunk lower down, her face and her hand all blotched with the rain of tears; and quite beside herself with consternation, the Indian officer strove to raise her up.

"Barbara, my dear child, for Heaven's sake, rise! Tell me, I beg of you, what you mean!"

"No, no, I cannot! I dare not! but if in the time to come, the miserable time to come, you hear me spoken of as something not fit to name, you will think there is one spot in my wretched heart free from guilt, where your memory will be ever cherished! Try and think of me as my best, no matter what people may say!"

Before he could speak, the door opened, and Barbara leaped to her feet with a rebound. A fairy figure, in a splendid dinner toilet, with jewels flashing on the neck and arms, and a circlet of gems clasping back the flowing curls,

came in with a delighted little cry of girlish delight.

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara! how glad I am to see you!"

But Barbara recoiled and held out both arms with a gesture of such unnatural terror and repulsion, that the shining figure stopped and looked at her in speechless amaze; and then before either she or her father could speak, or intercept her, she was across the room, out of the door, through the hall, down the stairs, and out into the wet, black night again. Mr. Peter Black had long retired to seek the balmy before his daughter got home; Judith was sitting up for her, very cross and sleepy in her corner; and Mr. Sweet was there, too, walking up and down the room, feverishly impatient and anxious. Barbara came in soaking wet, and with out looking or speaking to either of them, walked straight to her room. The bridegroom sought his own home, with an anxious heart; and the happy bride sat by her window the whole livelong night!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

The Flying Yankee: OR, THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE GRAND PRIZE.

TOWARD nightfall of the day following the meeting with the Flying Yankee, the Vulture sighted the coast of Florida, and a few hours after glided slowly into the mouth of the St. John's river, where she came to anchor close under the shadows of the foliage-clad banks.

Calvin Bernard was then sent off in the largest cutter, with a picked crew well armed, to reconnoiter and discover the whereabouts of the British vessel-of-war, for none doubted but that the words of the Flying Yankee would prove true.

Midnight came, and the returning boat was observed approaching through the gloom with rapid stroke, and, springing to the deck, Calvin Bernard informed his superior officers that a British vessel, as well as he could judge, a large, square-rigger, carrying forty guns and a full crew, was lying moored to the river bank, some six miles above, while her men were encamped upon the shore near by.

"I should think she was undergoing a thorough overhauling," continued the lieutenant, "for all of her crew appeared to be ashore, assembled around their camp-fires, and I noticed that her mizzenmast had been shot away and her bulwarks seriously shattered, for I was within a cable's length of her, and the camp-fires cast a ruddy light upon her hull."

"She is wholly unsuspecting then of our presence!" said Captain Ainslie.

"Yes, it must be so, and can be taken by surprise; otherwise it would be madness to attempt to attack a vessel so very much our superior as—God bless us! see there!"

All turned quickly at the sudden exclamation of the young lieutenant, and beheld almost upon them, and sweeping by before a stiff breeze, the Flying Yankee, still carrying a press of canvas and enveloped in the misty halo that appeared to pervade her everywhere from topmast to deck.

Ere a word could be said the same form, before seen, sprung into the main shoals, and his clear voice hailed:

"Aho! the Vulture."

"Aho!" cried Commodore Cutting.

"Would you take the Englishman, get at once under weigh; go silently to quarters, double-shot your guns, and follow me," came the ringing order, as the schooner swept by, and soon disappeared around a curve in the river.

At once all was activity on board the Vulture, for not an instant did the commodore and Captain Ainslie hesitate to obey; the anchor came up at a run, the sails were let fall, the bows swung off, and swiftly and silently, with her men and officers ready and eager for action, the Vulture sped on in the wake of her strange guide, determined, come what might, to follow to the bitter end the adventure before her.

Yet, fleet as was the brig-of-war, the Flying Yankee rapidly left her astern, and Calvin Bernard had just remarked that ere long they would round a bend that would give them a view of the British, when suddenly loud cries were heard ahead, drowned the moment after by the roar of artillery, which, with mighty echo, reverberated along the wooded shores.

"The Flying Yankee has opened, for I recognize the peculiar roar and rattle of her guns," exclaimed Alden, quickly, and as he spoke peal after peal of artillery shook the air mingled with loud cries and stern orders.

The next instant the Vulture rounded the bend, to behold a strange and stirring scene.

The Flying Yankee was sailing swiftly by the Englishman, about a cable's length distant from the ship, and her decks were ablaze with light as her guns were discharged with lightning speed and perfect regularity by what appeared to be a ghostly crew, for every man was clothed in pure white, while his face was concealed beneath a closely-fitting mask of bright crimson.

Each gun from the strange vessel was most skillfully aimed, and sent death and demoralization into the British camp. In vain did the English officers strive to rally their crew and lead them aboard their crippled vessel to man the guns.

As the crew of the Vulture gazed upon the exciting scene the Flying Yankee passed on up the river for a short distance, and then gracefully and swiftly coming around headed down-stream, while her starboard guns again opened upon the frightened Englishmen, and with terrible effect.

Having sped by the line-of-battle ship the beautiful schooner ceased firing as suddenly as she had commenced; her ports were closed, and as silently and peacefully as a toy ship, she flew down the river until she came abreast the Vulture, that was rushing on to meet her foe with all haste.

All eyes sought the beautiful schooner and observed the same man upon her quarter-deck who had before hailed them; but his face was masked behind a crimson shield, and defied recognition.

"I have thrown them into confusion; push on and lay the Vulture alongside the ship, and she is yours."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Alden Ainslie, and the crew broke out in three lusty cheers for the Flying Yankee, which, the next moment, rounded the bend and disappeared from their sight in her seaward flight.

"Ainslie, he has won for us the ship, for see—the British are thoroughly demoralized! Helmsman, bring her closer yet! Now, Captain Ainslie, a bold rush and you have your

prize," cried the old commodore, with enthusiasm.

"Ay, ay, sir! At the guns there! Aim at that crowd rushing for the ship; fire!"

The Vulture's horse guns belched forth fire and iron hail, checking the advance of the few men whom their officers had rallied and were leading toward their ship; but momentary was the halt, for again the English rushed on.

"Fire away, my hearties; aim true, and load heavy, or they'll meet us yet on their own decks! Steady as you are, helmsman! there, that will do! Now, Mr. Hendricks, strip her of sail—lively, lively, and she'll float up gently and not crush an egg," and, cheered by their captain's distinct orders the crew of the Vulture sprung to their work.

Stripped of her canvas, yet still forging forward and obeying her helm, the Vulture soon ran gently alongside the Englishman, and in an instant the two ships were lashed firmly together, broadside to broadside.

With a yell the Americans followed their gallant captain upon the Englishman's decks, just as the British seamen, headed by their officers, clambered over the other bulwarks, and at once the combat became fierce and sanguinary.

Affrighted at the sudden terrific spectacle of the Flying Yankee, cut down in their camp by her murderous guns and beaten back from their ship, the English were taken at a disadvantage, and it was some time ere their officers could rally their superstitious crew to action.

For one and all had heard of the weird schooner, and that so resistlessly swept the sea; but when the specter craft, as they believed it to be, headed seaward, and they were confronted with a mortal crew and a *bona fide* vessel, they quickly sprung to their posts and bravely met the Americans face to face, although their numbers had been greatly reduced by the fire of their unknown foe.

Had it not been for the unexpected aid from the Flying Yankee, there is but little doubt that the Americans would have been defeated, even though they had surprised their enemies, for they were greatly outnumbered both in men and guns; but having this advantage, and possessing both skill and indomitable courage, Captain Ainslie and his crew after a short but terrible contest hurled their foes from their vessel's decks, and training their own guns upon their camps, compelled them to ask for quarter.

Suddenly the British laid down their arms, and Alden Ainslie found that he had captured one of the finest vessels in the English navy.

Learning from the English commander that the report of the Flying Yankee was correct, as regarded the defeat of the American squadron in the Gulf, Commodore Cutting at once determined to dispatch his prisoners to Savannah overland, and bring back an American crew for the prize, which, in the mean time, could be refitted for sea, so as to sail in company with the Vulture.

From Sir Macy Northcott, the British commander, Commodore Cutting could glean no information as to what was the mystery hanging over the Flying Yankee, and the Englishman was greatly surprised to learn that the weird vessel was as wholly unknown to the navy of the United States as to that of Great Britain.

"The strange-looking vessel first appeared to us," said Sir Macy, in his interview with Commodore Cutting, "in the heat of battle, and her guns were fired with the greatest precision; so much so, in fact, that I poured upon her several broadsides, although severely pressed at the time by one of your large cruizers."

Apparently my aim was bad, for the schooner remained unhurt, and as she disappeared in the smoke of battle shortly after, I forgot about her until the action was over, and then nowhere could she be seen.

"I put in here for repairs, for I sadly needed them, and the schooner must have dogged in my wake, as you say it was from her you gained the information regarding my whereabouts."

"Your crew, I see, stand in terrible fear of the Flying Yankee," said Alden Ainslie.

"Yes, captain; they look upon her with holy awe, for strange rumors regarding her mysterious movements and appearance were rife in England before we left, and all they have seen here goes to strengthen their belief in the supernatural powers of the Flying Yankee. Can you make no guess as to what she is, by whom commanded, or the motive that leads to her masquerade?"

"None; no more can I solve that than I can the problem of the spectral light that appears to surround her, and the cloud of mist, or smoke, in which she seems always enveloped," said Commodore Cutting.

"Strange, very strange."

"It is indeed; yet in the tones of her commander—and I confess I never heard a voice more ringing and stern—I think I trace something familiar."

"And I also, commodore, for I could swear to having heard his voice before. Have you thought of whom it reminds you?" asked Alden Ainslie.

"Yes; it sounds like the voice of poor Moncrief in battle, for you remember he sailed under me for years."

"Yes, he had the same startling, ringing tones I have heard from Noel when in action, but then it cannot be he."

"Moncrief, Moncrief! Was not that the name of one of your most brilliant officers, who slew his superior in a duel and then fled his native land? I was cruising in these waters at the time," said Sir Macy.

"Yes, poor fellow, he fled in his own yacht, accompanied by but one companion who had aided his escape from the Vulture, and as he put into New York and armed and equipped his little craft, I feared he had determined to turn free rover, and my fears were realized."

"He became a pirate, then?" asked Sir Macy.

"Yes, it was believed, and met a sad fate, for some two years ago his yacht, which had been committing some depredations along the Gulf coast, and upon Southern commerce, was attacked by a revenue cutter, and refusing to surrender, was sunk with all on board."

"He died game, even though a pirate."

"Yes, it was just like Moncrief to die at his guns, poor fellow," and an expression of sad regret stole over the face of the old commodore, for he had dearly loved the erring young naval officer, to whom he owed his life, for in a gale at sea, when swept away by a huge wave that washed his vessel's decks, Commodore Cutting would have sunk to rise no more, had not Noel, knowing his commander could not swim, sprung overboard and sustained him until the life boat was launched and both were rescued from their peril.

Noel Moncrief was a midshipman then, and years had gone by since, but still the old seaman had not forgotten the brave preserver of his life, and mourned in secret his fate.

CHAPTER XVII.
ON BOARD THE SEA-SLIPPER.
ONE pleasant afternoon, toward the close of

the English and American war of "1812," there sailed from the port of Mobile a gracefully-built clipper ship, carrying an extraordinary press of canvas, and presenting a smart naval-like appearance for a merchantman.

Heading Gulfward, for she was bound to Havana, the ship sped on with great speed, dashing the foam from her bows, and trailing after her a snowy, sail-like wake, as the stiff breeze urged her onward.

Anxious to gain a good offing, the captain of the Sea-Slipper paced his deck, eyed his ship narrowly to see that every rope and sail was in its place, and ever and anon scanned the horizon with eager glances, for he was desirous of gaining the open waters, ere he was headed off by the British cruisers, then blockading the Gulf ports of America.

Having been imprisoned in port for some time by the presence of the enemy outside, Captain Davenport had boldly determined to run the blockade and escape, even if he lost his ship in the attempt; but, being a brave man, and the commander of a vessel that had seldom met her equal upon the ocean in point of speed, he decided to run the gantlet, if possible, and reach Havana, for he had a valuable freight destined for the West Indies, besides several Spanish and American passengers, anxious to leave the country, some to return home, others on account of business, and a few for pleasure.

Rather than be blockaded for an indefinite time in port, the passengers were willing to risk the danger of running out, trusting in the weatherly qualities and speed of the Sea-Slipper, and the courage and skill of Captain Davenport, who had armed and manned his vessel with five guns and a crew of forty men, which would enable him to beat off any small enemy that might cross his path.

Miles off to windward the eye of Captain Davenport noted several sail which he well knew to be British cruisers, and from them his glance fell upon a dark cloud that broke the level circle of the horizon, and his face wore a serious look, for he had not anticipated having to brave a storm as well as the English, for well he knew, unless he gained a good offing before the gale broke upon the sea, he might be driven back by it, or into the midst of his foes.

Near by the captain, leaning upon the taffrail, and also glancing at the distant sail, stood two personages, whose bronzed complexions and dark eyes betokened their nationality, or that they were of the Spanish race; but the reader has met them before, so a description is not necessary, for they are father and daughter, Don Octavio Guido and the lovely Violeta, whom the bravery of Noel, and the speed of his little yacht, had saved from capture nearly three years before, when chased by the pirate *drogher* off the coast of Cuba.

Since that time Don Octavio and Violeta had been traveling in Europe, and afterward in America, but in all their roamings they had not forgotten their strange preserver, of whom they could never gain the slightest clue as to his whereabouts.

Often had they spoken of Noel, and his rather abrupt refusal of their invitation to their home in Havana, and seldom did his handsome, sad face pass from the mental vision of the Cuban maiden.

Now they were upon their return home, having been detained, beyond their intended stay in America, by the war between the United States and England, and glad at the prospect of once more setting foot upon their "beautiful isle of the sea," both father and daughter wore a joyous look, as the Sea-Slipper leaned majestically to the breeze and bounded rapidly along the restless waters.

Promenading the deck, with an exceedingly steady tread for a landsman and landswoman, were two other passengers, the one a dignified, noble-looking gentleman with snow-white hair and mustache, and a figure erect and military, while leaning upon his arm was a maiden of surpassing loveliness in both form and feature, though there rested upon the refined face a look of touching sadness, for the drooping of the heavily-fringed eyebrows could not hide the walls of sorrow within.

The two were characters also heretofore brought before the reader, for they were Colonel Moncrief and his ward, Eve Eldred, for love of whom a brother had raised his hand against a brother's life.

A dark shadow had fallen upon the Moncrief Manor after the flight of Noel, and the blow had well-nigh killed the loving father and the maiden, but Time heals all wounds of the heart, or at least cicatrizes them, and once again contentment, if not happiness, rested upon the grand old homestead.

Then the cry of war aroused the sleeping fire in the bosom of every American, and sending for a lady relative to come and live at the manor with Eve, Governor Moncrief buckled on his armor, and at the head of a regiment took the field against America's foes.

Time flew on, its wings laden with the honors, the glory, the sorrows of war, and at length Colonel Moncrief fell, severely wounded, at the head of his regiment, and was borne from the field in an almost lifeless state.

But, after weeks of suffering, he recovered sufficiently for some months, until for service in the field, until advised by his physicians to seek a change of climate, the better to restore his health.

Acting upon this suggestion, and accompanied by his ever-faithful nurse, for he loved Eve Eldred as though she were his own daughter—the two had set sail in the Sea-Slipper, determined to pass the winter in Havana, and already with renewed vigor, as he inhaled the fresh sea air, the colonel paced, with quick tread, the decks of the gallant vessel.

"Sail, ho!" suddenly rings from abaft, in the clear tones of the look-out, and instantly all on board are eagerly scanning the blue horizon for the strange vessel.

"Where away?" cries Captain Davenport, a stout, weather-beaten old sailor, as he glances aloft.

"Dead ahead, sir."

"What do you make of her, my man?"

"She is schooner rig, sir, and is standing to ward us."

"All right; keep a close watch upon her movements," called out the captain; and then, turning to his passengers, who were now grouped near him, he continued:

"Doubtless she is some of our American privateers, and, if so, will divide the honor with us of being chased by yonder two British cruizers."

"I think you have no cause to dread capture, captain, for the Sea-Slipper runs like the wind," said Colonel Moncrief, gazing with admiration at the speed of the ship, as, with everything drawing taut, she bowled merrily along.

"No, sir, I fear none of those heavy craft, unless we run on them ere we know it, and they cripple us; and, in fact, I believe there is scarcely a vessel afloat that can catch us in a stern chase, on almost any wind."

"You forget the Flying Yankee, captain,"

said the first mate, who was standing near, his glass leveled upon the newly-discovered sail.

"True, she can catch us upon any wind."

"The Flying Yankee! You have then met with this ocean mystery, captain?" said Colonel Moncrief, with interest, and around the old seaman at once gathered Don Guido, Violeta and other passengers.

"I have, sir, and the craft is indeed a mystery; in fact I have not only met her, but the Sea-Slipper was once saved from capture by her."

"Indeed! Will you tell us the story, captain?" asked Don Octavio, with considerable interest—an interest that seemed shared by all present.

"It is a short story, but I will tell it you with pleasure, ladies and gentlemen."

"You see, it was on my last run into Mobile that I was chased by two British war vessels, a brig and a square-rigger, and I was showing them a clean pair of heels and rapidly running for a haven, when suddenly round a point of land came a swift-sailing brig, that at once showed armed ports and the flag of England waving over them."

"This was a scrape I little liked, and I felt that my chances of gaining port were thin indeed, for the vessels in chase were but four miles astern, and the one last discovered, just in my course, and hardly half that distance away."

"I determined to round the point upon a different course from the one I was then on, and endeavor to keep the land between myself and my new enemy."

"But it was of no use, and I was about to attempt to run the land and again put to sea, when suddenly I descried a strange sail coming from a small inlet and shooting just across my bow, so as to head me off, I believed; but I soon found it was the brig that was the game, for the new-comer, whose audacity surprised myself and crew not a little, she being a schooner and little able, we believed, to cope with the powerful brig-of-war, headed directly for the Englishman."

"Lying low in the water, and with a prow as sharp as a blade, her decks overshadowed by masses of snow-white sails, the plucky little craft flew on at a speed I believed hardly possible, and coming in range opened with a large gun, mounted upon her forecastle, upon the Englishman, who was soon compelled to let the Sea-Slipper go, and look after the schooner."

"With a precision that was remarkable, the schooner's guns were fired, and though the brig opened heavily also, it was of no use, for in fifteen minutes she was a wreck, and the daring craft that had proven more than a match for her, was standing out to sea, without having received a single shot, that I could see, to mar the beauty of her white hull and sails."

"As for the Sea-Slipper, she escaped, and as far as we could see, we observed the schooner flying seaward, firing rapidly from her stern guns upon the two vessels-of-war, that had given up chasing me to pursue the audacious American craft."

"That little craft was what is known as the Flying Yankee, and whoever her commander is, he has won a reputation for bravery and seamanship second to that of no man in our navy."

"If he be a man at all," suggested Mr. Con-

ever, the mate, in a voice of superstitious doubt.

"Nonsense, Conever; the schooner has won her name of Flying Yankee by her wonderful speed, and her determined war upon the enemies of our mighty Yankee nation. As for the mystery which overhangs her, it arises from the fact that, excepting to hail a vessel, none on board the queer craft ever hold converse with mortals."

"How about this?"

"To float, captain, and the strange light that hangs around her!" asked the doubting mate.

"There you have me, for that I cannot explain."

"Does she carry no colors, captain?" asked Colonel Moncrief.

"She carries no national colors, sir—only a flag representing a schooner sailing upon a tempest-tossed sea, the craft appearing to be worked in white silk, with the waters around her a pale green, while a shadowy cloud appears to pervade the air around the weird-looking craft."

"If every report be true, the Flying Yankee has certainly been of the greatest service to the American cause, for I have heard of her protecting and conveying a number of our merchantmen into port, and also of several desperate actions she has had with British cruizers double her size and metal," said Colonel Moncrief.

"Yes, sir, and report says true of her; but

gentlemen and maidens soon became most friendly with each other.

"Well, captain, what do you make of the craft?" asked Don Guido, as the old seaman descended to the deck.

"It is the shadow schooner, sir."

"Captain, my daughter Violeta thinks she recognizes in her Spain's old enemy, the Red Wing."

"Ha, say you so? Why, lady, you are a better sailor than I am, for I now see the resemblance that tortured my mind when I first met the Flying Yankee, to recall the craft she reminded me of; I believe you are right, for I once came aboard the Mexican cruiser, Red Wing, and I will say I never met a more perfect gentleman than was her commander, or a more thorough seaman."

"I was in Havana, awaiting repairs to my vessel, not the Sea Slipper, but a brig, that had been dismantled in a hurricane, and, hearing ill-news from home, I took passage in a Spanish vessel bound to New Orleans, and when three days out we were chased and overhauled by the Red Wing."

The largest number of our passengers were women, and so observing, for we could not keep them below, the young pirate would not fire upon us, but ran the gauntlet of our guns, boarded us, and captured the ship in ten minutes, although our crew outnumbered him two to one.

"Finding that the freight was owned by American merchants he would touch nothing, and after half an hour let the ship go on in peace."

"Yes, yonder schooner is very much like the Red Wing, and I would say it was that famous craft, had she not been said to have gone down in a gale."

The schooner was now hardly more than a mile distant, but suddenly changing her course she stood off from the ship's course, and night-fall coming on soon after, she disappeared from the sight of those on board the Sea-Slipper.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

Tiger Dick: OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXII.

JUDGE LYNCH.

FLORENCE GOLDTHORP was in a pitiable state when Charles Brewster helped her into the carriage. He followed her, and taking up the reins, drove directly to her home.

"Oh, Mr. Brewster!" she said, "is he guilty? Have they proved it?"

"Somehow, it was easier to believe him guilty of an impulsive, unpremeditated murder, snatching under a sense of injury, than of cold, calculating forgery."

"I fear there can be scarcely a doubt of his having committed the act; but it must have been in a moment of passion, and unintentional."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brewster. You always understand Frederick. He never meant to do it, I know. But if he had only waited—if he had only waited! We should have cleared him—I know we should. But now it is too late. Oh, that he should have done such a deed!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept and moaned.

Charles could not comfort her. His own heart was full. He was thinking of the look May had given him when he announced the death of her lover; and it wrung his heart to think of her feelings when she learned that her own brother was the murderer.

He parted with Florence at the door of her home, and then went to Dead Man's Bluff. He was at the landing when the boat brought its dreadful load to the shore. He gazed into the face of the dead, or into what had been a face, and shuddering, sighed:

"Poor May! She never looked upon him. It would kill her. And to think that her own brother should do it! He must have gone insane, or he never could have mutilated him so. Well, Cecil has accomplished his work. No one could wish one more abject than Fred. He has crushed him, but at the expense of his own life."

He was awakened from his meditations by the vengeful turn the crowd had taken. He saw what was coming, but too late to take measures to prevent the catastrophe. He set out for the city, borne along in the rush of the mob.

Meanwhile, Florence had sent a man to Dead Man's Bluff, charged to bring her the intelligence when the body was found. Then she went to bed, overcome by the events of the past two days. It was while tossing on a bed of suffering, that news was brought her of the awful peril that threatened her lover. She arose and dressed, and ordered her saddle horse. Mounting, she set out toward the city, with no plan of action, only that she must save him.

But what could her weak arm avail against the frenzied mob that was dragging him to his doom? Onward, onward, ever hearing the fatal shout where lay his victim! and the wild frenzy rising higher and higher, as they drew near! Along the river bank and up the bluff, until they stood on the dread spot, and the murderer was forced to look upon the work of his own hands!

Then the discordant yells of vengeance and the dangle rope!

"Hand him up here, an' no more foolishness!"

"Hold on, pard! the cove's got ter have a fair trial. It won't cure no murder to commit another. The thing's got to be done 'cordin' ter law. Who air ye goin' ter have fur Judge Lynch?"

"Judge Lynch be blowed! We know he's guilty, an' that's enough. Trot him right along. Money don't go down with us. He's got ter swing like a poor man."

"Look a-here, my friend, air ye goin' ter take it on yourself ter be judge, jury, witness, an' hangman, all ter once? That's jest what we want ter be informed about," said the roustabout with a menacing frown.

"Cuss yer law! What we want is justice. A man's been killed here, and somebody's got ter swing, sartain!"

"You look like a slap-up specimen, you do; but if you want ter jump right up on my muscle, you'd better say this cuss hasn't got ter have a fair and square trial. That's jest what sort of a man I am—you can put up or shut up!"

As the other showed no desire to "jump upon the muscle" of the roustabout, he turned to the crowd and said:

"Who's goin' ter be Judge Lynch in this here trial?"

"I go my pile on you. I reckon you're the man fer the place," said one, and the rest joined in a vociferous acclaim.

"All right, gents. Trot out yer witness." The fisherman was led forward, half frightened to death.

"Look a-here, pard," said the roustabout, with a frown that was anything but reassuring, "do you swear that this is the kid what run by you last night?"

"That's him, yer honor, so help me God!" sputtered the terrified witness.

"I guess that settles the matter, don't it, gents?" asked the "judge."

"Oh, yes; we know a heap more we did afore," sneered the man who had been snubbed by the roustabout.

"Look a-here, stranger, there'll be a row in this here camp in about two minutes and a half, if you don't put a stopper on that pertainer trap o' yours. I should hate to spile yer beauty; but I reckon you'll swaller enough teeth ter set up a dentist shop right smart."

Having quelled his opponent, the "judge" again turned to the court.

"I reckon there's only one punishment fer the crime o' murder. How is it, gents? Jest speak yer minds."

"Stretch his cussed neck!"

"Hold up; let him spout first."

"Dry up yer chin-music, and don't yer go ter instructin' the judge. One's enough ter run this here machine. Jest you keep in yer end o' the shop. Has the prisoner anything ter say, why he shouldn't stretch the hemp?"

The "judge" paused; but the "prisoner" was stupid with terror, and attempted to say nothing.

"The prisoner is silent. Jest somethin' less'n three score an' ten git a bolt o' t'other end o' the rope, while I fix this necklace becomin'ly."

"Who! bear a hand, b'yes, and remember he'd a' let two honest lads swing in his place."

"Lift him tenderly. It's not every day you have a gentleman o' means at t'other end o' the rope."

"The money he stole from his dad won't buy off this here crowd, eh, gents?"

"Put a fancy knot in that there neck-tie!"

"Air you ready? He—"

"Hold up, there! Slack up on that there rope!"

The premature pull had deranged the knot. The roustabout rearranged it, and held the noose over the head of the prisoner.

Bound hand and foot, with a ruffian on either side holding him by the arms, with Judge Lynch just about to drop the noose over his neck, and more than a score at the other end of the rope only too eager to give the fatal tug, Fred Powell was indeed in a critical situation.

He thought of the sister who had grown at his side from earliest infancy; he thought of the father whom he had last seen lying stunned and bleeding in a corner of the cell, trampled by heedless feet; then he thought of her who had said:

"Frederick, I love you more than a sister—more than a father—more than a mother! I trust you as I trust my God!"

How had he rewarded that love! Covered her with shame—worse than that, made her an object of pity, as the affianced bride of a murderer! And her trust! Would not a murderer do anything! A drunkard, a gambler, a murderer—proved beyond the shadow of a doubt! And would she believe that two links in the chain were wanting—forgery and theft! Would her simple faith in him, thus rudely shaken, prevail against the evidence that had convinced his grandfather, his sister, his father? He could not hope it. He hung his head in abject misery, and was almost glad that it would soon be over.

"Say yer prayers, if you've got any to say," said the executioner, as he hesitated a moment.

Fred shuddered. Could a murderer pray! Then appeared to his mind a vision before which all the affairs of this world sunk into utter insignificance. He saw his soul steeped in the blood of a fellow-creature. He saw the dread, accusing frown of the Just Judge and shuddering, fainting, sickening with horror, he waited for the awful moment.

"As judge o' this court, I hereby carry out its sentence; and may God have mercy on your soul, as you stand in a roustabout, in horrible mockery of judicial form."

Then, with one awful moment of suspense, he let the noose fall; and, with a wild yell, a hundred hands tugged at the rope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WOMAN'S ACT.

MOUNTED on a coal-black charger, that had carried his rider through many a fight in the war for the Union, Florence Goldthorp rode into the city at a breakneck pace. She thought only of her lover and of the dreadful peril that threatened him. She had thrust a small silver-mounted pistol into the bosom of her dress, and her flashing eyes and firm-set lips told her resolve to defend him at all hazards.

She knew that her feeble arm unaided could avail nothing, and looked about for assistance. In this strait she came across Charles Brewster with a small posse of police whom he had gathered. Most of the guardians of the city's peace had construed their duty in accordance with prudence, and were conveniently out of the way.

"Mr. Brewster," cried Florence, "you can do nothing with so small a body of men on foot. Half a dozen mounted men can accomplish more than a score without horses. Go to a livery-stable and mount your men on the best horses you can find."

Charles saw the force of her reasoning, and acted on the suggestion at once. But innumerable delays arose; and when at last they set out the rioters were well nigh at Dead Man's Bluff.

"Come on! For heaven's sake, ride as fast as you can, or we shall be too late!" cried Florence, urging her horse into a wild gallop.

The policemen strove not to be outdone by a woman; but she was better mounted than any of the rest, and was soon far in advance.

Nearer to that horrible scene of bloodthirstiness, her blood curdled by the wild shouts that came to her on the soft-breathing zephyrs! Faster and faster she rode, until the scene in all its fiendishness burst upon her vision! She saw the fatal rope dangling from a limb, the noose held above the head of her lover, the frenzied mob that awaited the signal to pull!

Sick with horror, dizzy with the blood that surged into her brain and then rushed back upon her heart, she uttered the command:

"Charge!"

Her stead summoned all his energies into his sinews of steel. With ears close to his head, with blazing eyes and streaming nostrils, he leaped the outer circle of spectators, clearing the heads of some, trampling some under foot. On, on, until he was brought up on his haunches in the very center of the surging mob, by a tightening of the rein and the command:

"Halt!"

So engrossed had all been in the fiendish work, that they knew nothing of her presence until the first leap that brought her into their very midst. Then a shout of terror and warning arose, as the black horse descended among them, knocking some of them bleeding and unconscious to the ground. Again he vaulted into the air; one of the men who was holding Fred saw him, leaped aside to avoid the shock, and dragged the wretched captive from beneath the fatal noose. At the same instant, the horse fell, striking Fred on the shoulder; the would-be hangmen yelled and gave a violent tug; that caused the rope to run over the limb and themselves to fall in a heap; and the loaded end of Florence's riding-whip descended upon the head of the roustabout, sending him reeling against the tree.

The ruffian recovered himself and drew his revolver. Florence, quicker than he, whipped out her own weapon and drew trigger, with the pistol covering the villain's heart. The hammer descended, but there was no report. One of the chambers had been unloaded.

With a hoarse laugh of triumph, the heartless demon fired at the heroic girl, and Florence slid to the ground.

A wild yell of rage and terror burst from the mob at this dastardly act. A little man, all bone and muscle, leaped upon the roustabout and knocked the yet-smoking weapon from his hand. The giant whirled round and grappled his antagonist, and they rolled on the ground, under the feet of the surging throng.

Wild yells arose on every hand. The crowd heaved and tossed like an angry sea, in their mad efforts to reach the center. The stronger elbowed the weaker aside, or struck out vigorously with their fists to clear a way for themselves. Smarting from the blows, the assailed retorted in kind, and then ensued a scene that baffles description—a Western "free fight."

Every man fought on his own account, with the motto of Donnybrook Fair: "Wherever you set a head, hit it!" only the weapons were bowie-knives and pistols, instead of shillalahs.

And in the midst of this pandemonium stood a woman—unhurt as yet; for, blinded by the stunning blow, the roustabout was unable to take accurate aim; but in how awful a situation! Her horse stood quivering in every nerve, but he did not move. He felt her hand on the rein, and heard her voice command:

"Duke, halt!"

But Florence was not idle. She plucked a heavy bowie-knife from the girdle of a man who stood near her, and with its keen blade severed the ligatures that bound the hands of her lover.

"Here, Fred, the horse!" she cried.

"Not just yet, if ye please!" said a ruffian, catching Fred by the shoulder and tripping him up.

His feet were yet bound, and he was almost helpless.

"Doolan! McRady! Laven!" cried Florence, appealing to men who were known to her and stood near. "I saved your wives and children from starvation and the fever! Will you see him murdered before your very eyes—may I assist in his murder! For shame, men! Help me to rescue him!"

As she spoke, she stooped down, and with a slash cut the bonds that secured her lover's feet. Fred felt his release and made a violent struggle for life. In that moment he was endowed with almost superhuman strength. He rolled over the man who had sprung upon him, and struggled to his feet.

But the would-be executioners were loth to be cheated of their victim. They sprang upon him in numbers, with blows and curses and he was again borne to the ground.

But rescue was at hand. Florence's appeal had not been without effect. The men whom she addressed at first hung their heads; and then, seeing Fred beaten down a second time, they leaped upon his assailants with an Irishman's impulsive readiness to fight for any cause that elicits his sympathies.

Striking out right and left, thrashing heads with fists and shillalahs, pulling here and hauling there, they gradually reduced the heap of human tigers that had piled upon the unfortunate Fred. Then, blinded by blood and dirt, with torn clothes and body covered with bruises, the victim of lynch law was jerked roughly, yet kindly, to his feet, by one of those whom Florence's words had enlisted on his side.

Florence caught him in her arms, as he staggered blindly, and drew him away.

"Here is Duke. Get upon him, and ride for your life!"

"Florence, is this you?" he cried, brushing the blood out of his eyes. "What a place for you! Mount instantly yourself. Here, I will help you!"

He essayed to help her—he, who could scarcely sustain his own weight.

"No, no!" she cried, "I have friends; I am safe. But you—save yourself, as you love me!"

Further debate was cut off by a concerted yell that rose above the general tumult, and a discharge of pistols in a volley that made itself heard above the random shots. Then there was a surging of the crowd apart, and a body of mounted policemen, headed by Charles Brewster, urged their way to the black horse and his mistress.

There was a momentary pause, and while the policemen clustered around with threatening weapons, Charles leaped to the ground.

"Take my horse, Fred!" he cried, as he lifted Florence into her saddle.

But Fred did not comply.

"Give me a lift, Charles," he said, with one hand on the cantle of Florence's saddle.

There was no time for hesitation or questions. Charles placed his hand on his knee; Fred made a step of it, and leaped astride of Duke, behind Florence. Charles mounted his own horse; and the party dashed from the crowd, followed by a shower of bullets that made one policeman's horse riderless, while another officer reeled in his seat.

Then Charles Brewster saw what Fred had done. He had interposed his own body between her and the mob, and he knew that the bullets he knew would follow their flight.

Just as the sun sank from view behind a bank of clouds that were rapidly coming up in the west, they emerged into the country road, and Fred was safe for the time.

It was proposed to carry him to a jail in an adjoining county; and they set out with a twelve miles' ride before them. The storm was upon them before they had accomplished half the distance. The men slouched their hats over their faces, drew up their coat-collars, and dashed ahead, with the rain pelting in their faces.

Amid crashing thunder and lightning zig-zagging across the sky, they drove up to the jail. Lanterns were brought and the party dismounted. When they came to look for their prisoner, he was nowhere to be found. The black horse and his mistress had also disappeared.

Late that night Duke galloped up to the

gate, and his dragged and mud-bespattered mistress dismounted and led him into the stable.

"Good Duke! Noble fellow!" she said, caressingly, taking his head in her arms and laying her cheek against his, and the animal whinnied gratefully and nibbled at the sleeve of her dress.

Then she went into the house and to bed, and the next morning was in a high fever, from excitement and exposure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO THE DEATH.

WHEN Duke bore the lovers out of the clutches of Judge Lynch, Fred shielded with his own body of his brave preserver. He saw the policeman fall from his saddle; and clasping Florence close in his arms, he dug his heels into Duke's flanks and urged him to still greater exertions.

It was but a moment, and then they had left their bloodthirsty persecutors behind. Down the country road they coursed, and gradually Duke fell into the rear, while Charles Brewster led the van.

Then Fred Powell pressed his swollen lips to the cheek of the woman who had so nearly lost her life in rescuing him, and said:

"God bless you, my darling! How you must love me to risk so much in my defense!" She let her velvet cheek rest against his bruised and bloody one, and whispered:

"Love you! I love you better than my life!"

"But what fearful peril! My heart yet quails to think of it!"

"I shared it with you, dearest! I could gladly pass through death at your side!" He held her close over his heart, and sighed to think what wretchedness her love for him must bring her.

"Ours is a sad love, Florence. I sometimes hate myself for dragging you into the shadow of my crime."

"And yet, could you give me up?"

"No! no! a thousand times no!" he cried, straining her to him at the thought of losing her.

"I knew it, Fred," she replied, with a happy smile. "Neither would I give you up, for the happiest love that woman was ever blessed with. My love is deeper, stronger than it could be without its sorrow. The happiness of this moment repays all."

"But my crime, Florence; for I am guilty of this—can you love me with blood on my soul?"

A spasm of pain shot across her face.

"Fred, a woman who truly loves never asks what the object of her love has done, but what he has suffered."

His heart swelled with gratitude for her devotion. For a moment there was a wild purpose seething in his brain. If he could escape and take her with him where they would never be found! No; if he went, he must go alone. It would be cruel to drag her away from friends and home into an exile that might be one continuous flight.

"Florence," he whispered, with his lips to her ear, "I must not be taken to that jail. Help me to escape."

She started violently, and then pale with fear, asked:

"How?"

"Don't you see, the storm will soon be upon us, and we can drop behind in the darkness. Leave it to me; I will manage it."

On, on they rode; and when they descended into a dark glade where the trees overhung the way, while the storm was at its height, he suddenly drew aside upon the grass, and then stopped the horse altogether, while the rest rode on unconscious of their loss. Turning aside into a bridle-path, he followed it until they came to a little opening. Here he drew up again, and leaped to the ground.

In a moment she was at his side, clinging to him.

"Oh, Fred, are you going?—and whither?" He drew her under the shelter of a dense vine, that formed a natural arbor, and protected them from the storm. Seated here, he unfolded to her the dark future that lowered before him.

"Oh, take me with you, Fred," she whispered. "You will need me. I cannot bear to let you go away alone. Take me with you, dearest! I shall be happier at your side, whatever privations and suffering we have to undergo, than waiting, waiting, and never knowing what has happened to you."

He held her to him, mingling his tears with hers. The more she proved her love for him, the harder it was to give her up. He knew that picturing the suffering she must endure in his company would not shake her purpose; so he made her unselfish love for him, her willingness to do and suffer anything to secure his well-being, the means of combating her desire.

"Flo!" he said, throwing inexpressible tenderness in the pet name, "how can I take you with me, even if I could consent to such a sacrifice? Alone I may escape. But how could both of us evade pursuit?"

She saw the force of his words, and almost hated her woman's weakness, that would make her a drag upon him.

Long they talked, and when at last they were forced to part, it was like rending their hearts asunder. But all things must have an end; and after the last clinging embrace, the last sweet pressure of the lips, Florence Goldthorp rode slowly home with a breaking heart, and Fred Powell stood alone in the darkness and the storm, an outcast, a fugitive from justice.

We will not stop to depict the life that Fred Powell was forced to lead for the next week—the fleeing by night, the hiding by day; the invasions of hen-roosts and orchards and cornfields to satisfy the cravings of hunger; the starts at an approaching footstep, the longing yet dread of seeing a human face, of hearing a human voice.

After long and weary flights, he thought himself far enough away to venture into the presence of men. He chose a large city, as the place where he would be least likely to attract notice. Here he procured a hat and coat and a second-hand clothier's with the money given him by Florence at parting.

While he was making the purchase, the merchant whispered to a little girl who was playing at the door. She went into the back part of the house, and presently a villainous-looking fellow came lounging in, and glanced furtively at Fred.

With his heart in his mouth, Fred left the store. It was night; but he had not walked half a dozen blocks before he discovered that he was followed. Then began a series of maneuvers similar to those with which Cecil Beaumont had sought to shake off the emissaries of Tiger Dick.

With life as the stake he was all cunning. After vain endeavors to elude the man, who was dogging his footsteps, Fred drew him to a deserted part of the city; then started on a run and darted around a corner. Instantly he turned and crouched down in the shadow, at

the very angle of the building. He had in his pocket the pistol with which Florence had tried to shoot the roustabout. As his pursuer came to the corner, Fred leaped upon him and dealt him a blow with the butt of the pistol that felled him insensible to the ground.

Fred looked up, and on the building within reach of his hand was a poster, giving a description of him and offering a reward for his apprehension. Shuddering he fled away and out of the city.

Two days later, footsore with weary marches and sick from exposure and insufficient food, he crept into a little hamlet, and waited at the railway station for the train bound for the far West, in whose trackless wilderness he hoped to bury himself beyond the vengeance of his fellow men.

While he sat in the waiting-room, two men sauntered along the platform and stopped opposite the open window.

"Five hundred dollars reward!" exclaimed one. "Judas! but that 'd set us up in business in fine style!"

"Such plumbs don't drop into a feller's mouth jest fur the hunkerin' arter 'em, not by a long shot!" replied the other.

"I won't do no hurt to any fur it," said the first speaker. "I'm goin' ter look at every stranger until I kin see clear through him."

Fred waited for no more; but stepping out of the depot on the other side, and keeping the building between him and the men whom he had overheard, he gained a clump of trees and ran as hard as he could for half an hour. Then he stopped and listened. He was alone, with no sound but the sighing of the wind through the tree tops.

Breathing more freely after his narrow escape, he again took up his weary march. Onward through the night he staggered, battling the reckless despondency that prompted him to seek food and rest, even at the risk of being captured and taken back.

When the first streak of morning tinted the east, he sunk almost lifeless into a clump of undergrowth, and was soon in slumber. But even there he was not free; for his sleep was haunted by horrible dreams.

The sun was an hour high, when two villainous-looking men might have been seen following the trail of Fred Powell. They were the men whom he had seen at the railway station, and none other than our old friends, McFarland and O'Toole.

"I say, O'Toole, don't you think we've played this game about long enough? We can drop him off the hooks anywhere out here, and nobody but the crows will know what became of him."

"Faith, I've thramped to me heart's content, me jawel! If ye say quits, who quits it is."

"That settles the matter. We'll make crow-bait of him inside o' twenty-four hours. Then, Mr. Tiger Dick, old boss, git ready the beer-money, for we're a-comin'!"

Half an hour afterward, they came upon Fred sleeping.

"Hist!" warned McFarland; "he's taking a snooze."

He parted the bushes and looked in upon him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)

MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-ache, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to Women, Dr. Pierce's of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicine: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fevers, congestion, inflammation and ulceration, and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

THAT FINE YOUNG MAN.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Indeed he was a fine young man,
One of the modern kind,
A finer man drawn through a sieve
In truth you could not find.
His hair discriminated in
The center of his head,
If it denoted anything,
This young man was well red,
This fine young man.

His coat was far above reproach
With unimpeachable fit;
The color was without a fault,
With not a stain on it.
And widely was he honored for
His bosom's purity.
I mean the bosom of his shirt,
Which plainly showed that he
Was a fine young man.

He wore his moral collars most
Religiously turned down,
The sociability of his hat
Beat anything in town.
His necktie looked so affable,
It straightway took your eye,
And the amiability of his gloves
Somehow would make you sigh,
"What a fine young man."

The heart was e'er enraptured by
His sentimental boots,
And moral muskies bringing forth
To vision its first fruits.
The intelligent buttons of his vest
Shone with consistency,
And the integrity of style
Was wonderful to see
On this fine young man.

The worthy collar on his coat
Was very chaste and fair;
His energetic finger rings
Were very wise and rare;
And when he blew his cautious nose
On handkerchiefs quite fine,
It showed a sympathetic sense
Of something half-divine
In this fine young man.

He quoted poetry by the cord,
And precepts by the page;
His very cough was sanctified,
And interest did engage;
And when he dwelt on scenes in which
He'd never taken part,
The girls exclaimed with one accord:
"Oh, would I we had the heart
Of this fine young man!"

And when upon his humble wrists
The sheriff mockingly placed
The clasp of steel which several times
Before those wrists had graced,
He looked just like a martyr wronged,
From freedom torn by force;
Yet 'twas a sad case of mistake—
He had mistaken a horse,
This fine young man!

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life;
OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

V.—Edwin Forrest, the Great American Tragedian—His Favorite Characters—*Ed-Edmond*—*The Gladiator* and *Jack Cade*—*Damon and Pythias*—His Peculiarities—*The Plot of the Play*—Working up a Great Effect—*Clear the Track*—*The Dancer and the Pastebored Chap*—A Flirtation, and how it Ended.

THERE is no name so identified with the history of the American stage as that of Edwin Forrest, whose death in Philadelphia has been so recently recorded.

I remember him in his prime—his fresh and vigorous manhood. I have acted with him, first as a child, and afterward as a man in all of his plays.

He was in every sense of the word a muscular actor. His success was made by his commanding figure and stentorian voice. His reputation was made by three plays, written expressly for him: "*Metamora*," by Stone; "*Jack Cade*," by Judge Conrad; and "*The Gladiator*," by Doctor Bird, author of the celebrated novel of "*Nick of the Woods*," or, the *Jibbenainosay*."

In all three of these characters he appeared to great advantage; particularly so in the *Gladiator*, the costume of this character displaying his sinewy proportions very effectively. To the play of *Metamora* he undoubtedly owed the fortune he acquired. It was always attractive, and never failed to draw a large attendance, when the public would not flock to the theater to witness his efforts in other characters. Stone's production could draw for Forrest a better house than Shakespeare's. The people delighted in his *Metamora*, when they would not go to see *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, or *King Lear*. This fact galvanized Forrest exceedingly. He prided himself upon being a Shakespearean reader, and he called *Metamora* "trash." Perhaps it was, but it was very successful trash. After trying to get the people into the theater to see *Macbeth*, etc., the "Great American Tragedian" was obliged to fall back on the "Big Injun" to make his engagement pay.

And his performance of the Indian, King Philip, was worth seeing. He looked the monarch of the forest to life. He infused a brusque dignity into the character that made it very taking with the denizens of the pit and gallery.

His next best characters were the *Gladiator* and *Jack Cade*, (the writer of the latter play spoiled it by making Jack Cade, the stout yeoman of history, a nobleman by the name of "Alymeré.") After these he was very good in *King Lear*, *Virginius* and *Damon*. In Roman characters his fine physique was of great service to him. When he donned the *tunic* and the *toga* he always looked:

"The noblest Roman of them all!"

It was in *Bani'm*'s play of "*Damon and Pythias*," that I first encountered Edwin Forrest. He played *Damon* and I played his child. This was a speaking part. I had to carry on a bunch of flowers, kneel down and present it to my father, and in answer to a question as to what I would like to do, reply:

"I'd be a soldier like Pythias!"

The shrillness with which I enunciated this desire, added to my diminutive form, I suppose, generally secured a round of applause.

I was very ambitious in those days—more so than I have been since—and I was very anxious to kneel gracefully. This kneeling was done with one knee only, and the knee used must be fronting the audience, or the position will appear awkward.

I went about behind the scenes practicing this kneeling, first trying one knee, and then the other, to get the right position. As I wore long stockings of a flesh color—*fleshings* is their technical name in the theater—the result of this practice was to make *Damon's* child appear before the audience with a pair of very dirty knees; and I was requested to abstain from it in the future.

Like all great men, Forrest had his peculiarities. He was devoted heart and soul to his profession. He used to resort to a singular device to lighten the effect of his last entrance in the play of *Damon and Pythias*.

The argument of the play is, the test of friendship. *Damon* being condemned to die by the tyrant *Dionysius*, the ruler of *Syracuse*,

is permitted to go and visit his wife and child while his friend *Pythias* takes his place in prison with the understanding that the friend is to suffer death in his stead if he does not return within a stated time. *Damon* is delayed by a servant who kills his horse, in the hope to save his master's life by the delay; but *Damon* rushes forth upon the road, meets a mounted traveler, forces him to dismount, springs into the saddle, urges the animal to a furious speed, and arrives in *Syracuse* to find *Pythias* upon the scaffold, with the block, headsman and ax prepared. *Pythias* is saved, and *Dionysius*, moved by their devoted friendship, "gives back his life to *Damon*."

The first intimation that the audience has of the coming of *Damon*, is a shout in the distance. The shout is echoed, repeated, swelled into a loud chorus, and in the midst of the tumult *Damon*, in a terrible state of excitement, for fear that he may be too late to save his friend, rushes frantically upon the stage.

Forrest used to work himself up for this, and produce a grand effect. He would go to the extreme back of the stage behind the wings (side scenes) and when the prompter gave the first faint shout, he started on a run, with half a dozen supers—the distant shouters—at his heels, increasing their shouts in loudness as they passed each wing, and he shouted also, dashing on like an infuriated bull. "Keep the passage clear" was the order, and woe to the scene-shifter, or super, who neglected the warning! With his hands stretched wildly before him, the great tragedian thrust them from his path, and they went down before that impetuous charge like trees beneath the breath of the tornado.

Down to the first entrance he went, and then dashed upon the stage, panting and breathless, to fall exhausted into the arms of his preserved friend. This natural bit of acting always received the applause it merited; and the unfortunates who had been scattered by the way, were careful not to be in *Damon's* track a second time. I have always thought that Forrest was rather delighted when somebody did get in his way. If "worked" him up to a greater state of excitement in removing the obstacle.

And I know one young gentleman who was of my opinion. I think he was a son of one of the stockholders. He had the privilege of coming behind the scenes, at all events, how-

ily down upon the somber sea of verdure, its subdued rays reflected from two ashen lines that divided the forest. Forest it was—a forest such as the Lilliputians might have been proud of; a forest where the stateliest tree scarce measured two feet in altitude—yet each oak had its separate trunk, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its tiny bunches of brown acorns. It was a forest of dwarf oaks (*Quercus rara*).

Since early dawn, two men had been wearily plodding their way across this freak of nature, leaving behind them a silvery trail as the passage of their feet reversed the natural position of the leaves, exposing their silvery lining. Their story? It was told in their haggard and anxious faces; by their worn garments, torn and ragged, stained here and there with ugly blotches of deep red—of blood.

Two nights previously, a party of nine white men had been attacked by Indians. Seven were massacred, two escaped, thanks to their good horses, whose mad race ceased only when death overtook them. Since then it had been a weary, painful struggle for life—near two hundred miles from the nearest settlement, through the hunting-grounds of the Apaches.

"Corralled!" suddenly exclaimed Don Gwilt, a man little past the prime of life, who, during the past twenty years, had earned for himself a terrible reputation: "down—cover, Ralph—it's our only chance!"

The comrades prostrated themselves, the dwarf oaks barely overtopping their shoulders. A long-drawn, lugubrious howl, uttered by the gaunt gray wolf that had been dogging them for hours, caused Don Gwilt's brow to gather; it seemed an evil omen.

Far away, over the tops of the thin oaks, the comrades could faintly distinguish a number of moving figures—of horsemen. Steadily the phantom-like riders approached until the plumes, the loose robes, the curious painted helmets of the warlike Apaches could plainly be distinguished. Still nearer, as though guided by fate, the war party bade fair to ride directly over the prostrate whites.

A wild light filled the old hunter's eyes, a frightful rage distorted his features, and lifting his rifle, he covered the foremost brave, now not forty rods away, and drew the trigger.

The cap snapped, but no report followed. And then—it was like the instantaneous changes of a kaleidoscope. A sudden charge—

sight!—the hot tears trickled like dew-drops down his shaggy beard.

With a shrill cry, the woman snatched the bracelet from his hand, her eyes flashing angrily.

"My mother! you steal my dead mother!" These words seemed to petrify Don Gwilt. His clenched hand fell—his face turned to a sickly pallor. Then he sunk to the ground, burying his face in his hands, his strong frame racked with terrible emotion.

But this lasted only for a moment. Looking up, he said, in a strangely subdued voice: "Lola—little 'Ola—am I dead to you, too?"

"Who—who are you?" she gasped, pressing one hand to her breast, as though to still the painful throbbing.

"The white wagons—the pretty spotted pony—a little, curly-haired girl who laughed and clapped her hands so merrily whenever her big brother would let her ride upon the saddle before him; don't you remember, little 'Ola'?"

"Mother of God! my brother!" gasped the woman, and then the long divided but now reunited brother and sister met in a close embrace.

In mute surprise the spectators beheld this. Only a cry of joy broke from the lips of young Ralph Murden. He believed that this discovery would be the means of saving his life.

As though the sound had recalled her memory, Lola drew back from her brother's embrace, and, turning, spoke a few sharp words to the surrounding braves. The look of joy vanished from Gwilt's face; he seemed about to speak, when, at a gesture from Lola, he was seized and rebound, before he could collect his thoughts.

"Brother," said Lola, coldly; "a chief has died. He cannot enter the spirit land untended. You heard him call for his white dogs—shall his squaw shut her ears to his words? Mat-luta must be obeyed."

"You are my sister—don't make me curse the day that I found you, after twenty years searching."

Her only reply was a gesture, which was promptly obeyed. Don Gwilt was gagged.

Willingly hands seized upon the unfortunate Murden, and stripped him bare, then daubed him over with a black, greasy compound. Bound hand and foot he was lifted up and placed at the feet of Mat-luta.

"You will never see me again, brother. To-morrow we take up a long trail, never to return to these parts. Be guided by me. Let us accept our fate. Now—good by!"

And so the brother and sister parted. Guarded by half-a-dozen braves, Don Gwilt rode away from the valley that had witnessed the horrible death of his young friend. For two days they rode on, and then, armed and well-mounted, Don Gwilt was left to find his way to the settlement, only a few miles distant.

He kept his threat. For a full year he searched for the lost sister, but without success. Lola, the Apache queen, was never more heard of.

Beat Time's Notes.

If twelve ounces make one pound, how many ounces will make two pound each other all to pieces?

WHAT is the difference between one short row of long beans and one long row of short beans?

WHEN eggs are rated at twelve to the dozen, how much is a cord of wood worth, which you have sawed and split yourself?

A boy travels through school at the rate of two rods a day, how old will he be before he gets furlong in school?

RUNNING after happiness is a good deal like running after your hat, you only catch it by putting your foot on it and mashing it out of shape.

If one dog with one bark scares away one burglar, how many burglars and dreams will be scared away if he barks all night? Don't answer.

A YOUNG man's suit was refused nine times; the tenth was accepted, which was one too much; how big a fool was he, and what was his chagrin? Answer in figures.

NOTHING plus something, divided by something else, and multiplied by one thing or another, equals how many little nothingnesses stood up on end? (Example in small fractions.)

If molasses is worth twenty cents a dozen when water is low and kites are high, how much will a young man come to in round numbers who lays around and boards with the old man?

AN intelligent infant of forty summers starts to ascend a tread-mill at the rate of twenty feet a second, the tread-mill descending at the same rate; how long will it take him to get tired of this kind of fun?

I HAVE often looked at the innocent little lamb, that has nothing to do but enjoy itself, while it is unconsciously developing into mutton, and wool coming is growing upon its back to make its living. I don't wish to say that I would like to be a sheep, but then—I've got to work so hard.

If one small boy with a cross-eye and freckles, and his pants rolled up, and molasses on his face, can eat two pockets full of green apples in less time than it takes to count your poor relations, how long would it take two black cats to get into a fight, and lick a three year old skillet?

SIXTY bed bugs attack an unsuspecting boarder on a calm, still night; one-sixth of the number he flattens with a boot-jack; one-eighth get their jaw bones broken with a stove-leg; one ninth are stunned with a bed-slat; nineteen he kills with an ax, and there are more left alive than when he began. How is it?

OUT of a basket of oranges at five cents apiece, and pretty small at that, a good little boy sneaks three, age five years, with the rhine on, who had gone to Sunday-school and got tickets, and a little over ripe; now, how much would—I mean, how many—that is to say, what would—or, in other words, don't you think this is a very bad, a very bad example, anyhow?

THE WOOD-SAW.

ONE of the most racking memories of youth is the memory of the wood-saw. With its sharp teeth it always came between us and pleasure. It was the easiest kind of a thing to run on a nail, so it would have to be sharpened before we could use it, and then we'd have time to go fishing while it was getting sharpened. How delightful it was to the youthful mind to sit down on a stick of wood and muse on the beauties of the wood-saw until we went to sleep! How we used to think upon the inventor, and wish with every heart we had that he was that stick of wood, so we could saw him in two, and that he would eventually be burned! What a lovely thing it was to drop a stick of wood on it and break its corporeal frame. And when we wanted to go skating, how did it grin with its teeth at us, as if it whispered: "No! We treasured it so that we always waked up in the morning to fear and become alarmed that somebody hadn't come around that night and stolen it. How hard we used to work to wear the rust off it and to wear it out! How we used to oil it to make it run easier, but we never could oil it enough to make it run by itself. How it developed the "push" in the heart of the boy. What a beautiful thing it was to throw through the wood house window, or to give away to some poor little boy in charity which would not have been constrained! How splendidly it performed its work—when we were behind it performing ours! We thought so much of it that really we never entirely could get it out of our mind, and even now it hangs upon the hook of our memory as we used to wish it to hang forever on a hook in the old wood shed.

Among the pleasant things which are in store for our Summer and Fall literary campaign is a

ROMANCE OF THE GREAT LAKES

By M. Quad, of the Detroit Free Press, VIZ.:

The Stolen Fortune:

OR,
A LIFE AT STAKE.

A downright good serial from the noted humorist, whose pen has made more smiles than Hogarth's pencil ever provoked, is certainly one of the treats that even the most abstemious reader will welcome. We have that treat to offer, and will put it within reach, in due season.



"Corralled, by the living snakes!"

ever he obtained it; and he used that privilege to get up a flirtation with Fanny Jones, the pretty dancer of the theater.

At that time a dance was given between the play and the farce, or after-piece. Fanny, one night, stood in the wing, looking on the stage, while the last act of *Damon and Pythias* was in progress. She was dressed for the *cachuca*, a Spanish dance, which was to follow the play; and I stood beside her. As I have mentioned before, Fanny and I were very good friends. She was a very handsome girl, and looked radiant in her picturesque dancing-dress.

The young fellow I have spoken of, joined us. He did not mind me as I was only a child. I thought him a very nice gentleman. He dressed fashionably and in good taste. I heard some of the actors call him a "pasteboard chap," and say that he always looked just as if "he had come out of a bandbox."

He removed his shining black silk hat, bowed to Fanny, and held it in his hand while he conversed with her. She rather liked the flirtation, I thought, and they soon became very animated in their talk.

Presently, the distant shout was heard. We were in the second wing—it was against the rule of the theater to stand in the first wing, on the left hand, as the prompter had his post there.

Laughing pleasantly together, they did not heed the shout; but when the shouts grew nearer and louder, his curiosity was excited, and he stepped from behind the sheltering wing right in front of Forrest, and the next moment he was sitting down on his hat, which was flattened out like a pancake, the most astonished man I ever saw.

Fanny laughed so heartily that she could not assist him to rise; and so he picked himself up, and went away in a very chop-fallen condition.

That was the end of that flirtation.

I have something more to say, anecdotal, of Edwin Forrest, but I must reserve it for another paper.

Found and Lost;

LOLA, THE APACHE QUEEN.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"CORRALLED, by the living snakes!" North, south, east and west, far as the human eye could reach, without one break or deviation from the uniform, dead level, extended the forest. The full moon, partially obscured by the thin film of haze, shone stead-

ily down upon the somber sea of verdure, its subdued rays reflected from two ashen lines that divided the forest. Forest it was—a forest such as the Lilliputians might have been proud of; a forest where the stateliest tree scarce measured two feet in altitude—yet each oak had its separate trunk, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its tiny bunches of brown acorns. It was a forest of dwarf oaks (*Quercus rara*).

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